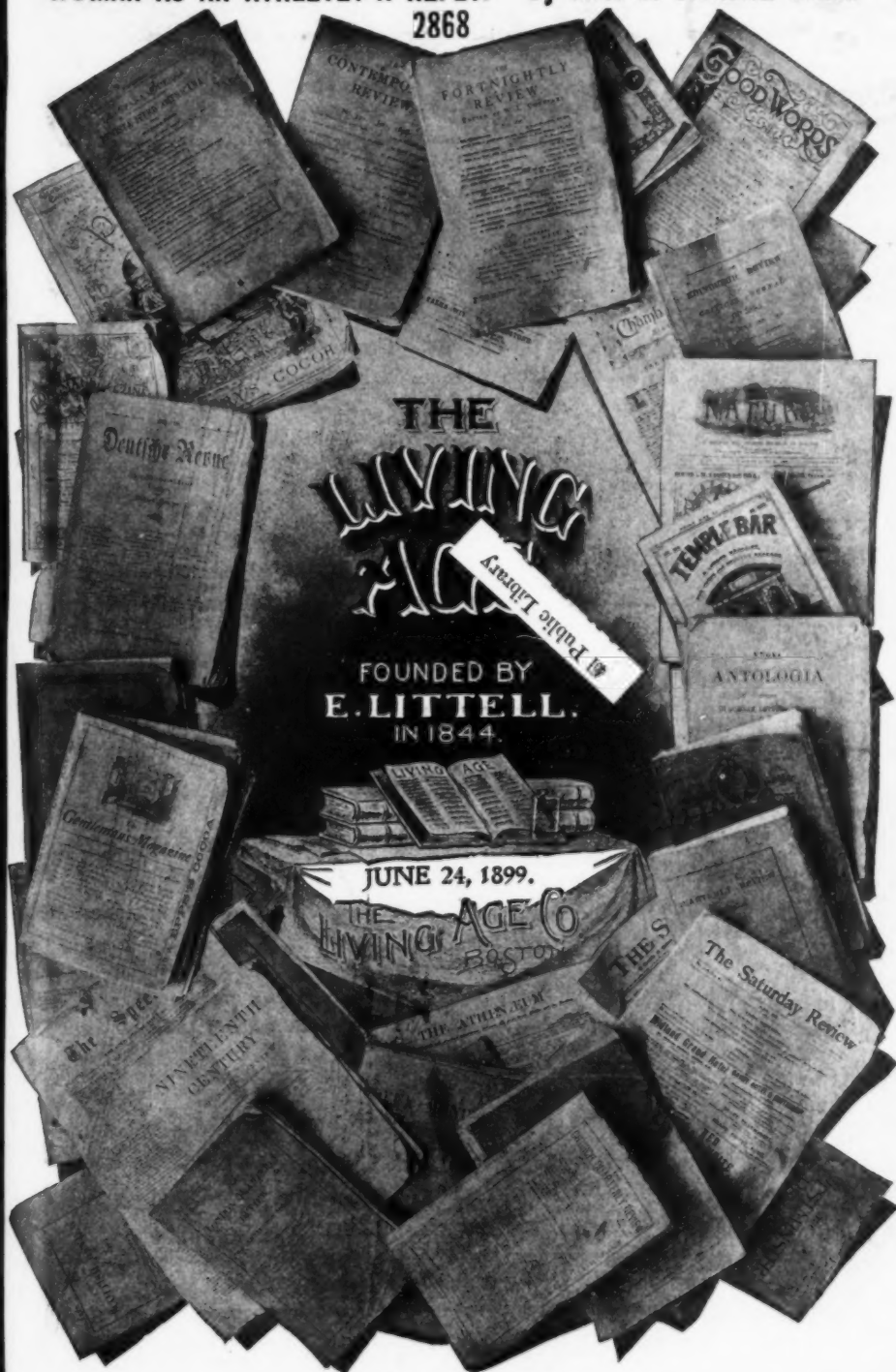


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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXXI.

WOMAN AS AN ATHLETE.

A REPLY TO DR. ARABELLA KENEALY.

It is too bad that just as the "modern woman" is enjoying a well-merited peace after the somewhat savage but witty attacks made upon her by the lamented writer of "The Girl of the Period," she should be harassed by minor foes, who, though neither savage nor witty, are very solemn, owing doubtless to a lack of humor, and tedious to the point of depression in the Saturnian bolts they launch at her "advanced" head.

It is now Dr. Arabella Kenealy who confronts us, in the April number of this Review, with the statement that "Nature can but be disgusted with our modern rendering of Baby;" and from the Endor of feminine athleticism calls up a Samuel whom she thus describes: "So sorry a poor creature the baby of this nineteenth century is, indeed, that he cannot assimilate milk."

This will doubtless come as more or less of a surprise to the mother of the said baby, and had the portentous words appeared on the wrapper of a tin of condensed milk, or one of the numerous Foods for Infants, they might have been designated as claptrap by those who are given to sitting in the seat of the scornful when considering such things. But coming from one in au-

thority who is compelled by sheer force of circumstances thus to write of herself, "my knowledge of physiology and medicine forbade me to entertain the belief common to the laity," etc., etc., there is nothing for it but for the said laity to take up a position suitable to its humble ignorance, and see if by any means "Nature" (by the way, who is Nature?) can be persuaded to take a less dyspeptic view of the babies of the nineteenth century.

One of the said laity, whom a great university has recently delighted to honor with a not prematurely granted degree, took infinite pains to show the world the aforesaid Baby as he (or she) appears in the homes of university women students; and one of the most unique, and certainly one of the most popular, exhibits in the Woman's Building of the World's Fair, Chicago, was Mrs. Henry Fawcett's collection of the bewitching and unusually beautiful little children of women who have won university degrees, and married.

"If "Nature" was disgusted with these, she must have grown cantankerous indeed, and her opinion, as formulated by Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P., is of no value to science, or to the average sane man or woman.

It seemed little short of blasphemy, then, to contemplate these cuddlesome, happy-looking, intelligent, and buxom babes, and go back in memory over a diatribe written by a titled M.D. on the dire consequences to the race that must inevitably ensue when women go in for the higher education, or, in other words, are taught to think great thoughts instead of little ones, and to reason carefully instead of carelessly jumping at conclusions.

It seems hardly less blasphemous against the baby, now, to listen to such sentences as the following, taken from the article in question, "Woman as an Athlete:"

Nature is groaning for the misinterpretation modern woman is placing on the slackening of her rein.

She knows it is the laboriously evolved potentiality of the race they [Clara and her sister athletes] are expending on their muscles.

In the words of the immortal Betsy Prig, "I don't believe there's no such a person" as "Nature" who "knows" anything of the kind! Common experience, as well as reason, is on the side of the more assured safety of both mother and child when the mother is muscular and well-developed, as against that of the average puny and ill-developed one.

Also, does it not seem somewhat premature to accuse Clara of "squandering the potentiality of the race" because she has taken to bicycling, in view of the fact that the first ladies' cycle was put on the market by the oldest Coventry firm of cycle makers so few years ago? When one considers the ages that have elapsed in the evolution of the said race, it is provocative of mirth, to say the least of it, to be told that the recent adoption of one pastime among so many is seriously going to transfer that potentiality to the expended force of a mere handful of women, when

their numbers are considered in relation to even the present population of the world.

But lest there should be a *soupcçon* of that "assertiveness" (that "blemish of the modern woman:" *vide* Miss Kenally) in these remarks, let it be put in the form of a question timidly asked with appropriate modesty by one of the laity: "May not the process of natural selection be trusted to decide in favor of the muscular as against the un-muscular of either sex?" Does not all the teaching of science and of experience justify us in making even an assertion in the affirmative?

But to return to Baby, who, as we are assured with much solemnity, is "eternal," to the evident disparagement of the "philosopher" whose wisdom is "written in sand" for the tide to wash away, surely, never had Baby (I am speaking for the country I know most about, England) so good a time as he has now!

Formerly "female persons of quality," and other "females" who aspired to be accounted as such, did not feed their infants, and the wet-nurse with the pitiful tragedy of her calling belonged to a very numerous class, compared with that of her present-day successors.

The binding, swathing, pinning, tying, robing, capping, and general smothering of the hapless little creature, is a bit of nursery history horrible to contemplate; and one is hardly surprised that the victims of such sharp contrasts of heat and cold should have provided the crowd of present life with a large army of ill-developed and degenerate bodies. Nor is it surprising when some of the owners of these ill-developed bodies accept the limitations of *their* physical inferiority as being the standard of attainment beyond which all else in woman is "abnormal muscle energy," "approximation to the type masculine," "degeneration from

the especial excellences Nature planned for the type feminine;" one of the Nemeses of physical inadequacy being too often a want of breadth and robustness in the mental outlook, and of a sense of proportion.

On behalf of the eternal Baby, there is displayed in our time an enthusiasm that does not appear to have had its parallel in any former day.

Weekly and monthly journals have sprung up by the score, all anxious to place the newest and most comfortable of cradles and carriages at the services of Baby; designs for the most tasteful (and least boring to his temper) of layettes are duly drawn by special artists for the monthly gaze of eager mothers, sisters, and maiden aunts; his toyshops and sweetshops are now quite an important feature in every town. However poor his homestead and shabby his toilet, he takes his airings in the royal parks of London as a matter of right, where once he was contumeliously bidden to be gone. The august governing power of London, the L.C.C., brings a part of the seashore to his feet, so that he may have a summer's day delight with spade and bucket in the safety of a sandheap in the open space near his home; while a great society exists for the protection of the weaker brethren of the helpless Baby brigade. From the Royal Lady on the throne to the rag-sorter on the Bermondsey refuse heaps, there is a recognition of the rights of Baby that throws into blacker relief the always existent neglect, scorn, and cruelty than they ever stood out against before.

And now to turn to the apocryphal "Clara," round whose Amazonian thews and sinews Dr. Kenealy has draped so melancholy a garment of sackcloth, and over whose vanished elusiveness of face she wails the following dirge: "the charm she has lost in the suspicion of a 'bicycle face' (the face of muscular tension) was incommunicable, a dainty,

elusive quality, which could not be put into words nor reproduced on canvas; so the highest of all attributes are silent, as, for example, sympathy, that sweetest quality which without necessity for speech lays the balm distilled in the crucible of one person's emotions for another's need—lays this balm gently to the wound in that other's nature."

"Clara" was "once an invaluable girl," who tired with a walk beyond two miles. She is stated to have soothed her father's ruffled temper, taken walks with him; to have gone on errands for her mother; assisted brother Tom with his lessons, sympathized with his woes or joys; trimmed Rosy's hats, and according to her own account, on which surely some reliance is to be placed, "used to be the idlest person, finnickling all day about the house and getting tired."

Alas! two years ago this admirable girl took to cycling, and now, according to her chronicler, "Clara finds no time for any of these ministrations."

It is very hard to believe this last statement. Even woman as an athlete cannot cycle all day long, from sun-up to sun-down; and if before she learned to cycle Clara performed these ministrations from a sense of duty and family love, there is literally nothing in the fact of her cycling to interfere with her doing so afterwards, but rather every reason why she should perform them more efficiently, as she evidently is not so easily tired, and has a little more enjoyment in the day to look forward to.

It is, however, possible that her father's ruffled temper may have been caused by doctors' and druggists' bills, and that in view of these being no longer incurred, by Clara at any rate, he looks upon his muscular daughter unruffled, and the need for that part of her ministrations no longer exists. As to Tom, he may have left school by now, and has sought a sympathizer

elsewhere, probably some other girl with a bicycle, who has promised to be a sister to him; Rosy ought to have grown big enough to trim her own hats by now, and probably does, greatly preferring her own tastes in this matter to those of Clara. As for her mother's errands, and the flowers and books taken to less fortunate friends in those days when two feet grew so tired in the performance of these ministrations, the bicycle is so much more expeditious a mode of purveying and executing commissions, the reason for her ceasing to perform this part of her duty must be sought for elsewhere than in the use of the wheel. The development of muscle does not suddenly bring about a radical change in the character, and turn a conscientious unselfish girl into a cold and unfeeling lump of human clay.

But perhaps Rosy is very properly taking her turn at the errands, also the flowers and books; and if so, there seems no adequate reason why there should be all this fuss in nearly ten pages of closely printed matter because Clara can "manage twenty miles easily" (some of the least muscular members of the cycle club to which the writer belongs can do this and go to business next morning all the fresher for the enjoyment and exercise), and because "When she feels moped she goes for a six-mile spin," and declares that she "comes back a new creature."

"According to the powers, and the sensitiveness, any expenditure of force beyond that manufactured by the economy as its daily output is followed by fatigue, irritability, or depression, and a general sense of not being up to the mark," says Dr. Kenealy; and as Clara testifies to feeling "splendidly fit," we may reasonably hope that she is by no means expending force beyond "the limitation of her energy."

But there is another aspect of the change that has taken place in Clara

during the two short years in which she has bicycled: "the haze, the elusiveness, the subtle suggestion of the face are gone," and alas, "now one could paint her portrait with ease. Formerly only the most ingenious and sympathetic art could have reproduced her subtle mysterious charm."

This may or may not be. But it has absolutely nothing to do with the subject on which the whole article is supposed to turn, viz., in Dr. Kenealy's own words—"the first care of intelligent motherhood will be to see that none of those powers that belong to her highest development . . . shall be impoverished, debased, or misapplied."

A face "with a subtle suggestion in it" may not be an indication of "power that belongs to the highest development." An elusive expression may be charming, but it may be the result of inherent slowness and mental timidity, or it may be a temporary expression created by the dawn of love, or some other tenderly cherished secret. Anyhow it belongs generally to youth, and inevitably passes away with youth into something more in harmony with maturer years. But, in any case, if its preservation is at the expense of muscular development, the best interests of Clara and the race are not served by its retention, for from the point of charm alone "the face of muscular tension" produced by cycling will be more desirable than that produced by the long misery of sick-headaches and other pains of dyspeptic and sedentary folk.

But what strikes that member of the laity who is writing this present article as exceedingly funny in Dr. Kenealy's strictures on Clara, is the statement of one of the items at least that the girl has "bartered for a mess of muscle"—"already her modiste has been put to the necessity of puffings and pleatings where Nature had planned the daintiest of devices." If

this is true, it is quite evident that Clara is still very far from the ideal of feminine muscularity, and is suffering—with thousands of other young women who are not so well off as herself, in possessing a "bike" and leisure to use it—from the want of fresh air, or want of proper nutriment—the requisite physical culture, or it may be peace of mind, the absence of which is apt to make some unhappy folk very thin.

The feminine acrobat, trapeze performer, and popular *danceuse* give us some idea of the ideal feminine figure in the bountiful curves and outlines where difference of sex is most marked. If an object lesson is sought to prove that muscular development tends to emphasize the evolution of sex differentiation, it can be found in such shows as Barnum and Bailey's, in the beautiful bodies of both male and female acrobats. While if another is needed to demonstrate that want of muscular development produces an approximation to the type masculine, it can be found, alas, all too easily, among women who either cannot take exercise (as over-worked teachers, and seamstresses) or who will not, as the lazy ones who before becoming very fat and ungraceful have always had to, put on those "puffings and pads" which Dr. Kenealy says "are such an insult to the baby." Alas, sometimes these much-disparaged puffings and pleatings have been lamentably insufficient, and there has been no friendly voice to whisper to them, "Friend, go up higher!"

This brings us to another altogether debatable assertion made by Clara's chronicler: "modesty being, as digestion is, a human function."

Is modesty a function?

Is it not rather the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that regulates function, controls conduct, and can be exercised alike by

a Sandow or Zæo, the cripple in the hospital ward or the hero of the battlefield, the child in the nursery or the fashionable lady in the matter of evening gowns, and even the athletic woman who can do a twenty or more miles' spin.

Modesty is also relative, and can hardly be described as a function, for it is not the putting on of a bathing dress that is immodest, but the wearing of it on an unnecessary occasion; and while a British jury and landlady may be impressed with the dreadful indecency of the useful rationals worn by the stately Lady Harberton, they may also be able to take as a matter of course the "backs and fronts" of society in evening dress.

But is it not something like nonsense to talk about the "unsexed female brick-maker?" Especially as the sentence concludes by admitting that she (poor thing) "may do more than her numerical share in supplying citizens to the state."

Nothing can unsex short of death; no indecency, or vulgarity, loudness, coarseness, or cruelty: these can but emphasize the sex by the shame they bring on it, in the outrage of their degradation.

Even those deplorable slaves in the coal mines in the early part of this century, the women who crawled, sometimes on all fours, with a leather strap wearing wart-like callosities on that "which the modiste hides with puffings and pleatings," dragging trucks of coal as now they are dragged by horse or mule—even these, debased, degraded, and bestialized as they could hardly help being under such conditions, painfully proclaimed the indelibility of sex, not by the clothing they wore, for they mostly dressed as men, but by the pain they bore when a few hours only were spared from the hauling of the coal to give birth to a new "hand."

In looking back over the difficult and more or less painful track along which sex has passed through all the ages from the beginning until now, noting the stress and strain to which ignorance, want, dirt, disease, despotism and sin have subjected it, it is, to say the least, unthinkable that it will give way beneath what Dr. Kenealy calls "the abnormal muscular development of the modern woman."

But is it quite certain that we are in a position to judge of what is "abnormal muscular development?" Have we in our midst to-day any class of women who can accurately and without a suspicion of overstatement be called "athletes?"

"Clara" surely does not seriously come under that heading, and it would appear she has been dubbed an athlete by her chronicler more in derision than in earnest.

The greater number of the acrobats, etc., before-mentioned come from other countries, and the harmless football teams or cricket players who occasionally try conclusions in public matches are neither sufficiently numerous nor have they existed long enough by many decades for Dr. Kenealy to credit them with "the physical deterioration and decadence" for "which the abnormal activities of modern woman" are responsible.

In the course of her article Dr. Kenealy makes many assertions which are easy to refute, but the length of this article forbids more than a passing glimpse at one or two of the more obvious.

"Clara's muscle power has not at all conduced to Clara's usefulness," and we are told that Clara is the prototype of the modern woman. It might be assumed from the foregoing that these very modern women, the Lady Guardians of the Poor, members of School Boards, Factory Inspectors, Gardeners, Actresses, Trained Nurses, Mistresses

of Physical Training Colleges, Public Speakers, and even Lady Doctors are either unmuscular, or else not useful!

Another statement is: "now it is a physiological fact that muscle vigor is no test even of masculine health." Are we to infer from this that muscular debility is a test of masculine health—especially when that wondrous muscle the heart is taken into consideration?

Anyhow muscle vigor along with certain moral qualities would appear to be a much more valuable commodity in a time of dire calamity than the absence of it, if we may believe a well-known artist's modest account of his heroic conduct during the late heartrending disaster of the "Stella" shipwreck, as it is told in the pages of the *Daily Chronicle*, and prefaced with the remark, "Mr. Anderson owes his life to a robust constitution, and many years' devotion to outdoor sports."

Here is another debatable assertion: "and this, which is true of the sex whose province it is to be muscular, is essentially true of the sex whose province it is not."

Who has decided that it is not woman's province to be muscular?

Certainly not the ancient Greek, whose *Venus de Milo* is eloquent in her stony silence as to the exquisite charm and beauty perfectly developed muscle can show to an admiring world. Certainly not Grace Darling, whose strong arms and strong heart braved so many a storm and saved so many a precious life, when an unmuscular woman, however tender her pity, would have been useless.

Nor is it likely that, in view of the pathetic deathroll of *primiparæ* and first babies, science will assert that in order to fulfil her highest duty with safety to herself and her offspring it is not the modern woman's province to be muscular.

As for the young shop assistant,

whose muscles are enfeebled by bad air and poor food, unrelieved by change from the tension of standing still for so many weary hours, is any sane person going to affirm that it is not her province to be muscular?

The next assertion that has to be refuted really deserves treatment somewhat more drastic; and it is astounding indeed to think of what a total lack of information or discernment must have given rise to it.

It may be objected that these qualities, the lack whereof I deprecate in Clara [sympathy, gentleness, etc.], have been well relegated to that morass of submergence whence woman has laboriously emerged . . . which occupied woman ere the tide of emancipation set in. For the reformer has taught her to despise that which, scorn the term as she will, and does, must by the nature of things remain her sphere, instead of teaching her to enlarge and develop, and bring to that sphere intelligences that should lift it forever and before all men from a position of contempt.

Of what reformers is Dr. Kenealy speaking?

The women we English women look upon as our reformers have never taught us any such thing, but quite the reverse; and when one passes in review the lives and teaching of the women who have made this century famous for reforms in the treatment of the criminal, the lunatic, the blind, the poor, the sick, the orphan, the outcast, and the drunkard, and have stirred in their fellow women not only a yearning for recognized citizenship, but enthusiasm for the fulfilment of such of its duties as prejudice could not withhold from them, one is struck with the promise of a nobler and happier home life that rings out in the utterances of these pioneer women.

It was with a feeling of positive thankfulness that one turned from the dreary libel of the woman reformer in

"Woman as an Athlete" to the cheery article, a few pages off, wherein the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther tells us, with no apology for doing so, that one of the rocks ahead that threatens the career of the Ladies' Club is one that has never disturbed the Carlton, or the Turf, and that is the unsettled question as to whether the club drawing-room shall or shall not be liable to be turned into a nursery for the eternal infant. It was a relief to know that the modern woman still loves her children, and now, more than ever before, delights in having them with her, and presenting them to the gaze of her admiring friends.

Dr. Kenealy's final bolt needs no adjective of mine to define its quality, and speaks for itself in the following words:

In debasing her womanhood, in becoming a neuter, she descends from the standpoint from which life was interesting. And more and more every year discarding the duties nature planned for her employment and delight, she cries out that life is dull and empty.

She no longer preserves and brews. She no longer weaves and fashions. Her children are nursed, fed, clothed, taught, and trained by hirelings; her sick are tended by the professional nurse, her guests are entertained by paid performers. What truly remain which may be called her duties? What is left to her indeed but boredom?

And it must be remembered that this tirade, which fittingly ends with boredom, is not, according to the writer's own showing, uttered against those idle society or other women who have always been reprobated by the majority of their sex; for again Dr. Kenealy's own words are quoted:

I speak now of woman in the van of the so-called forward movement, and I do not speak of "higher educated women," nor of professional women, nor of women trained in any special

way, for the wave of "newness" has touched all alike; fashionable women, fireside women, all have been splashed by this same wave which, intended to lift them forward in the tide of progress, bids fair to carry them off their feet—this modern woman, who, instead of serving for a terrible warning, is in danger of proving her sex's example.

Jam is made in Brobdingnagian proportions to-day, and the majority of those employed in its manufacture are women. The weaving done by women, and the "fashioning," *i.e.*, dressmaking and millinery, is in quantities so colossal compared with either the demand or the possibility of having it, in former times, that comment on these two branches of "fashioning" among modern women is unnecessary; but what about the Art Needlework Schools at South Kensington, and other places, with the ever-increasing varieties of exquisite work, in the production of which women of the highest birth, the middle-class woman, and her less well-born sisters, are drawn into a common fellowship of passionate interest in the subtle mysteries of beautiful lace, embroidery, and improved decoration? If it be true that the mother of to-day, whether poor or rich, has to invoke the aid of other women (and men also) in the all-important work of feeding, clothing, training, and teaching her children, it is surely nothing less than vulgar snobbery to speak of these as "hirelings."

As for the guests entertained by "the paid performer," let the said guests rise up in their places and declare without fear or favor, whether it is better to be

entertained by the untrained amateur who "can't sing," but will; or by the paid professional who can sing, and does.

In conclusion, it is to be hoped the "modern woman" will go on her way, in spite of all the scolding and denunciation the unmodern woman hurls at her from time to time. There will doubtless always be the rude and unruly folk in all ranks and conditions of life, the raucous women, and the shrill men—such do not appear to have been unknown among the ancients—but it is a pity to fall into the unscientific mistake of generalizing from a few individual cases, and dignifying these with the big name of prototype.

The old order changeth, yielding
place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt
the world.

If the bicycle, lawn tennis, hockey, golf, rowing, fencing, mountaineering, and a host of other pastimes enjoyed by the modern woman, have taken the place of that once good custom, the backboard, in spite of those who are liable to overdo any occupation they take up, the modern woman no more than the ancient can disassociate herself from the Divine "fulfilment in many ways;" nor can she unsex herself by any phase of manner or custom. So let us modern women take heart of grace, and go on doing the best we can to develop muscular vigor, along with a sneaking fondness for frills and pleatings, and an openly avowed adhesion to the Eternal Baby, and its father.

L. Ormiston Chant.

DISCRETION AND PUBLICITY.*

What should be put into print? What withheld? There you have the question which besets periodically almost every person concerned with literature. The problem presents itself in an infinite variety of ways; but it is plain that we are rapidly arriving at a sort of general *imprimatur*. Specious arguments for publicity are always forthcoming. Nearly every publisher maintains a stringent view of the duty towards historical truth incumbent upon those who hold documents which it will pay to print, and sets as all but paramount the claim of the public to know and judge men's lives in full possession of every possible fact. How many are there nowadays in that distinguished corporation who would emulate the heroism of Murray when he burnt the Byron papers? Some, we hope, but certainly not many. "*Est et fidei tuta silentio merces.*" At present it is indiscretion that has its assured reward, whatever Horace may say. In the same stanza he adds, it will be remembered, a malediction by way of counterpoise; let us quote it, to help us over an ugly aspect of the subject:—

Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
Vulgarit arcane, sub isdem
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum
Solvat phaselon.

It may have been a bad thing to blab out of doors the mystic rites of Ceres, but the damnation to be incurred thereby was slight compared with that deserved by the man or woman who prints letters written in the confidence of friendship, which the writer would have desired to be kept secret, and prints them for the sake of money.

*The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett: 1845-1846. With Portraits and Fac-similes. 2 vols. London: 1890.

That is the person with whom one would not wish to share the shelter of any possible roof. There is no need to discuss here such an expedient for converting paper into cash.

But the motive for indiscreet publication, or for publication which at least to our rude fathers would have seemed indiscreet, is not often so simple, as it presents itself to any of the people concerned, whether poet, novelist, biographer, or simple depository of papers. They are indiscreet, whether with their own secrets or those of others, from the loftiest motives; they plead the interests of art, the interests of truth, the interests of morality. And when one considers what is published it is hard not to wonder what can possibly be withheld. As a witty woman said the other day in some discourse upon the possibilities of a cupboard, "there is no skeleton in any cupboard nowadays; we all wear our skeletons on our sleeves." Rousseau's "Confessions" sink into a modest shade, and Rabelais is put to rebuke for prudery, beside the religious indecencies or indecent religiosities for which M. Huysmans is applauded, not by the public which purchased M. Zola's early works wholesale, but especially by the people who describe themselves as cultured. It is the over-educated who clamor for "slices cut from life"—who desire the photographic record of morbid emotions—and whose taste finds a logical outcome in the last Parisian form of entertainment, kinetographic representations of the dissecting-room. If an artist chooses to gratify this desire for the *frisson*—the morbid thrill—by revealing the secret processes of his own mind—if he chooses to feel and make others feel the fascination of ugliness—that is his affair, but

he should remember that the kinetograph can beat him at his business, and that he will never approach the attractions of a bull fight. Only, there is this to be said for the artist: in gratifying the morbid curiosity of the public to see what is properly hidden he may offend against human decency, but he does not betray confidence. He sins against reticence; he does not sin against discretion. And in one way the public, at least in this country, is stupid in its judgment of the artist. A man, the public says, experiences a sorrow; the greater the sorrow the less likely he is to talk about it. But the artist not only expresses his sorrow in public, but sells the expression of it; he cultivates his emotions for the benefit of his pocket. That is, in substance, what one hears said even by intelligent people about such a book, let us say, as Mr. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie," and it shows a total misapprehension of the conditions under which artists work. An artist writes, or paints, or composes, not in the first instance to get money; that is not why he becomes an artist; but having embarked on an art, and having to live by it, he may, and does, legitimately choose to do such things as will bring him in the means of livelihood—the more the better. He will deliberately put aside, as, for instance, Stevenson did, subjects which tempt him, because the finished result would be unsalable. But now and then, under a definite stimulus, he will and must write the thoughts that are uppermost in him. Thackeray wrote the "Hoggarty Diamond" when he had just lost his child. Was his sorrow any the less real because he described it in a fictitious form and was paid so much a page? Suppose that, instead of being a novelist, Thackeray had been a poet, and had written a poem explicitly on his loss, ought he not to have published the poem? Behind all art there is life;

yet when the art is greatest it does not appeal to us as the record of a single definite emotion. The life is not limited; the experience is for all to feel with. Just because the artist has in him the power to waken sympathy with his own emotions, not as his, but as those of a human being, he is moved to publish no less strongly than he is moved to write. He will not strip his heart bare to a friend in talk, any more than any other man, but he will to a world of people whose faces he does not know; to whom he is and ought to be, an impersonal voice. What withholds a man from throwing into print the record of his inmost feelings is not the thought of thousands of people who may read, it is the thought of a score or so, to whom this is not simply a human voice, but the voice of a their friend. As for the money that comes of it, the writer takes that as an accident; but of all the work of artists such work as this, which is the record of a definite and personal emotion, is done with the least thought of money.

It is just for this reason that we are particularly inclined to deprecate biographies of artists. Their writings that they publish are addressed to an impersonal audience by a man speaking from behind the veil; and the less the public associates the works with a definite personality, the more likely are they to produce their proper effect. There is, of course, a laudable curiosity, which is almost gratitude, to know something about the men and women to whom we are indebted for pleasures, and more than pleasures—to know their faces and something of the story of their lives. But it is hard to see how, for instance, a biography of Thackeray would help us to any new profit or pleasure from "Vanity Fair;" and a life of Turner might also stand between us and the delight his pictures give. Coleridge has said somewhere—and the saying comes strangely from Cole-

ridge—that the man is always more than his works; and that is, no doubt, true; yet enough is known of Coleridge to make us unduly underrate every one of his utterances. No human being can lose, perhaps, by knowing the truth; but public curiosity is apt to disinter fragments of it, and there is no such liar as an isolated fact. The biography of Coleridge could only have been written by himself, and would be essentially a spiritual history; and, indeed, a spiritual history can hardly be written at all. Any biography of him that can be written is worse than indiscreet; it is misleading; it can only show you the squalid accidents that may encumber a great soul.

Yet, biographies there must be, and if they are not written well, they will be ill-written; we may make up our minds to that; and the fact justifies a great deal that at first sight might seem an indiscretion. Any notable person will provide, if he be a prudent man, against posthumous terrors by such a bequest of his papers and literary remains as shall make it at least difficult for the irresponsible and uninvited person to mangle him. Yet even so, he cannot protect himself. By naming a biographer when it is decided that his life is to be written, he has done all in his power to make his wishes clear, but he must not suppose that they will be respected. The law protects his correspondence, but the facts of his life, his habits of dress and speech, are at the will of every chance acquaintance to make a little money or credit out of, and the mine is unsparingly worked. Stevenson's case is instructive. He left the charge of writing his biography to a friend, with the full disposal of his correspondence, but that has not hindered two young ladies, within the past year, from constructing volumes, and very silly volumes, out of their slight acquaintance with him in his youth, and out of floating gossip. There is a ready

market for every kind of personal chatter about distinguished people, even if it is simply silly, as in these two instances, and if it should be damaging, why, so much the readier. Consequently the biographer nowadays need never be tempted to suppress awkward facts in the story, or ridiculous or unlovable traits. If he does not face them, some one else will bring them out with such emphasis that a mole on the cheek becomes the chief feature in the face. Suppose the life of an eminent divine has to be written, and it appears that once or twice in his undergraduate days he got drunk. It may be thought, very reasonably, that the fact has not the smallest significance; that, if it is stated, it will certainly be misunderstood by stupid readers; and consequently that, by a literal accuracy of record, the truth of impression which should be the writer's aim will be destroyed. But as a matter of prudence, it may be wise to state the fact and to set it in its proper value, disregarding the foolish; otherwise it may be so stated as to deceive even the intelligent. All this, no doubt, makes for truth in the end, but the condition of public opinion and private honor which it indicates is not a thing to be proud of.

The biographer, then, is an artist who exercises his art under singular difficulties. He has to tell a story and paint a portrait, and he has also to be discreet; but he cannot even exercise his own faculty of discretion without considering the probable results of other people's indiscretion. As regards the statement of facts, we are all for frankness. Let him tell the worst and make the best of it. Let him aim at practising the art of biography as one must suppose it to be practised in heaven, where the recording angel will certainly not be a scribe set to register this or that step over this or that forbidden border, but a judge who will

chronicle efforts as well as achievements, and set every part of the whole in its true relation. The biographer owes a duty to his art, and must aim at truth of portraiture, and, if he writes the life of a man of action, he owes truth also to history. If a biographer can prove that Wilberforce had a pecuniary interest in abolishing the slave trade, in Heaven's name let him do so; without that fact, if it were a fact, the portrait would be false and history would be incomplete. Only in some cases the problem is beyond human endeavor. How is any one to write the life of Turner so that it shall not convey a totally false impression? Where in that squalid record are you to find any trace of the secret joy that must inevitably have animated the man's whole life? In such a case one can only deplore the fact that public curiosity demands details of what one may call the accidental life of this great artist, and will be paid for its folly in disgust. But in every case the problem is desperately difficult, and in most the biographer is not an artist and probably knows it; he attempts by a laudable instinct to shrink from the unequal task and takes refuge behind unequal documents. Here, he says, let the man speak for himself; here are his letters; here is the *vox ipsa*, though the tongue is cold; here, at least, you shall have the truth. And the more intimate the letters are, the more avidity the world shows in reading them. Thus, out of a kind of natural despair at his own incompetence, the biographer is often led into the wildest indiscretion, which nearly always means the publication of letters only intended for one person to read; and so he is false to his true business, which is to show the man as he was to the world. You may know your friend in the truest intimacy; you may have the fullest comprehension of his talent; you may understand all the motives of his actions; and yet you

cannot remotely understand how he looks to his wife, if his wife is in love with him. If she is in love with him she sees not the man, but a kind of angel, or at least the man transfigured; and if he is in love with her, in his relations with her he either is or tries to be transfigured—it may be for better or worse. Under certain conditions it is just as disloyal to print a man's love letters as it would be to paint him drunk. What have we to say to Napoleon's letters to Josephine? Is that the real Napoleon? It is Napoleon with his faculties suspended by an intoxication. Or, again, the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne: what right had the world ever to see them? It is indecent to print them, just as it would be to catch a man in his cups and exhibit him; worse, for this passion was not of the man's own fault or seeking. An artist in biography, with those letters before him, might have contrived to indicate how the keen sensuous delight in beauty, that made Keats what he was as a poet, made also the sex passion a destroying flame in his nature. But to print them in full was inexcusable, and the woman who kept them for a curiosity, and transmitted them to others, showed sufficiently by that act how strangely this passion for beauty could hide from a poet the coarsest kind of ugliness. Yet, without printing love letters and so appealing to the ceaseless curiosity of the sex instinct, how is the biographer of an artist to make his book exciting? The activity of the brain, the mind's adventures, he cannot record; and the life may very well have been a happy though an uneventful one. Lord Tennyson, having this problem to face in writing the life of his father, set an excellent example. It is true the interest in Tennyson was so great that the book did not weary its readers; but when one thought it over there was no story told—no incisive portraiture of the

man. Some day, no doubt, some one will write a "real Lord Tennyson," and, underlining all his eccentricities and lesser peculiarities, say that these were the man; but at least no one will be able to toss his heart into the market-place. The book stands there to commemorate the externals of a stately and distinguished existence; but the life of the artist is only written in his works. The greatest biographies, such as Boswell's and Lockhart's, are substantially as discreet as it is. Suppose Boswell could have printed Johnson's letters to his wife, should we have known Johnson better? Let us be thankful that Boswell's discretion was spared the strain of withholding them from print, the more so because the mere fact of their absence proves conclusively that the completest picture of a personality may be given without lifting the veil that covers his secret tenderness.

Not that we could wish to cut off a biographer from what is often his best resource—a man's or woman's intimate correspondence. Just the charm of Swift's journal to Stella is, that it was written for her only, and not for publication. Yet, there was a third person involved there; Mrs. Dingley either saw or was presumed to see the letters. That, perhaps, is why one reads the thing without the least sense of indiscretion, and gladly recognizes in the journal Swift's completest revelation of himself and his best justification. The same holds true of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield, which are plainly the utterance of a man writing to the human being who was most to him in the world—whom he loved as a man can only love a woman—but which, from the circumstances of the case, have no touch of passion. A husband's letters to his wife, in all their intimacy and tenderness, may often be rightly used by a biographer, but love letters, as a general rule, have no busi-

ness with print. "God be thanked," wrote Browning—

God be thanked, the meanest of his
creatures
Boasts two soul sides, one to face the
world with,
One to show a woman when he loves
her.

The business of a biographer is to set before the world the outer soul side; with the other the world has no concern.

Yet, if ever we could make an exception to this rule, it would be for the love letters that passed between Browning and his wife. In many lives love plays a strong part, yet a subaltern one. Johnson's love for his Tetty was strong enough, so was Napoleon's for Josephine; but the real gist and tenor of the life lay elsewhere. You could leave these things out and still have the man. But with the Brownings it was otherwise. A person who should sit down to write the biography of Mr. and Mrs. Browning would have in effect nothing to record beyond the bare fact that they wrote certain poems, which the world can read and judge of, except just this. They acted one part which deserves to be memorable in the world's history; they were the hero and heroine of the most wonderful love story, if you consider it rightly, that the world knows of. Here were two people, who, all their lives through in their poetry, had been saying that the one thing in life which mattered, the one thing worth having, the one thing truly significant, was the love between man and woman which is inseparable from the sex instinct, but translates the most plainly animal fact in our lives into the most plainly spiritual. And, having said this in their verse, it was given them, after long delay, to prove it in their lives. If Browning had married just the obvious pretty, charming woman when

he was young and she was young, there would have been nothing remarkable in the fact, even though he had cared for her as man never had cared for woman. But here you had, what Elizabeth Barrett called it, a miracle. Here you had, on the one hand, a man verging on middle age, who had glorified love in many poems, but who nevertheless, by his own avowal, repeated again and again with the plainest sincerity in these letters, had never known by experience what this glorified passion meant; who had deliberately ceased to expect it; who had settled his mind into the full anticipation of living his life to himself; had so far given up thoughts of marriage as not to have cared to provide money; had, in short, decided that either his nature was one that could not respond to love, or would never find its counterpart. On the other hand, you have a woman, not only past youth, but to all appearance past health and the hope of recovery—"a blind poet," she calls herself in one of the early letters. "I have lived all my chief joys, and, indeed, nearly all emotions that go warmly by that name, and relate to myself personally, in poetry, and in poetry alone." It was a life in darkness. "My face was so close against the tombstones that there seemed no room even for the tears." Between these people there began a correspondence in January, 1845. She had expressed in one of her poems admiration of his; he wrote to her his admiration of hers; and an interchange of letters continued at intervals of a week or fortnight till May 20th, when he went to see her for the first time. Two days later he wrote and told her that he loved her. What precisely he said we do not know, for she sent back the letter and he destroyed it. He had seen a shy, nervous, broken-down woman, older than himself, and to all appearances condemned to a sofa for the rest of her existence, and he had

offered her his life. The case was not new to her; other men, in their enthusiasm for the poetess, had asked to be allowed to come and see her, had asked leave to pay their addresses. She tells him this incidentally in one of the later letters; and she was angry with herself because she could not put away his words easily, as she had done theirs. Love was a thing she had dreamed of all her life, but a dream that never hoped for its reality. "I never thought that a man whom I could love would stoop to love me." The story which the letters tell is how the friendship, allowed to continue as friendship, became, on his side, gradually a repeated avowal of love; how she at first put the question aside on the ground that she could not accept such a sacrifice as would be involved in tying him to her; how gradually he gained her admission that this consideration alone weighed with her, and gradually convinced her that she meant to him the one thing desirable in the world; how under this new influence health came back to her as if by magic; how he waited with infinite patience, never urging her, tolerant even of her father's insane caprice which regarded any desire for marriage in any of his children as the height of filial disobedience; and how, finally, this ended with their secret marriage. The rest of her story is told in the volumes of her letters; how this invalid, who needed to be carried up and down stairs, and shrank even from seeing ordinary visitors, was taken out of her prison, and became a woman capable even of facing considerable fatigue and long journeys, living a vivid and high-spirited existence, and, after years, at last even a mother. The story of the courtship which led to this truly "amazing marriage" is at least one about which we cannot possibly know too much. And it may be urged that though the publication of such letters goes far to establish a really regretta-

ble precedent, yet with the squalid story of Byron's love affairs paraded in half a dozen volumes, with Shelley's scarcely less unhappy marriage-ventures become public property and elaborately discussed, with George Sand and De Musset each describing in rival novels the other's shortcomings in their *Haison*, it is all but imperative for the credit of humanity that this story should be told in the fullest way.

Upon the principle involved, the Brownings themselves are eloquent witnesses. In so far as concerns the artist's reticence, no man expressed stronger views than Browning. Clearly, he held, there were things the public had no right to; a man must keep back something. In the very odd poetical criticism which makes the epilogue to his "*Pacchiarotto*" volume he represents the public as expostulating with him for the roughness of his vintage. Why does he not borrow for it a bouquet and softness from the cowslips that grow abundant at his feet? Why not love verses, love fancies, instead of crabbed thoughts? "Friends," he answers, "beyond dispute:"

I, too, have the cowslips, dewy and dear;
Punctual as Springtide forth peep they;
I leave them to make my meadow gay.

And so, "of cowslips friends get none." One has only to look at these letters to see just what he means by the cowslips that he keeps for himself, though, indeed, they flourish chiefly in her letters, not in his. His curious mode of expression lends itself awkwardly to playfulness or tenderness; with her they spring naturally. But that is beside the point. What he meant was that this playfulness, this tenderness belonged to the side of him which the public had no right to see. If they did not like his wine they might go else-

where, but they should not have his cowslips. And in another odd poem—"House"—he puts the same thing in a different metaphor:

Outside should suffice for evidence,
And whoso desires to penetrate
Deeper, must dive by the spirit-sense—
No optics like yours at any rate!

Holty toity! A street to explore,
You have the exception. "*With this same key Shakespeare unlocked his heart*" once more—
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

The case for the artist's duty of reticence cannot be put more strongly, though perhaps it might be made a trifle more explicit. And yet, consider Browning's own record in this matter of reticence. It was he who wrote and published the epilogue to "*Men and Women*"—"One Word More"—surely one of the most intimate poems ever written, yet no one blames him for neglecting his principle. What is more, in that very poem he tells the world plainly that he shares the world's desire to see what is most intimate—the work that is either made or written "once and only once, and for one only." Rafael had his wine that he offered to the world, but he, too, had his cowslips:

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with a silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas.

You and I would rather read that volume
(Taken to his beating bosom by it),
Lean and list the bosom beats of Rafael,
Would we not?—than wonder at Madonnas.

And so also concerning Dante's angel that he drew for Beatrice—

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not—than read a fresh Inferno.

What is more, Browning actually recognized in the most personal way not only the world's desire, but the world's right to see such things. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" can hardly be said to disguise under that title an account of how love came into the life of the woman who wrote them—the life which, she says in one of these letters, perhaps God made desolate and devastated that it might be a fallow field before love's coming. We are told how she slipped the bundle of papers into her husband's pocket and ran out of the room; and how, having read them, he soon decided that these were things he had no right to keep to himself. So they were published, though in the frankness of their avowal they speak of caresses which in these letters she scarcely names.

It may be urged that all these things—Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture, and the "Sonnets from the Portuguese"—were, however intimate, nevertheless thrown into the works of art, and therefore stood on a different footing from letters, which must be if they are of any worth as letters, avowedly written by a definite person to another definite person. And one finds the two lovers actually discussing this point. She forwards to him a letter of Miss Martineau describing Wordsworth; he comments upon it and on the fact that Miss Martineau had once recalled all her letters from her correspondents and burnt the whole:

Here is the letter again, dearest—I suppose it gives me the same pleasure in reading as you, and Mr. K. as me, and anybody else as him; if all the correspondence which was claimed again and burnt, on some principle or other, some years ago, be at all of the nature of this sample, the measure seems ques-

tionable. Burn anybody's *real* letters, well and good; they move and live—the thoughts, the feelings, and expressions even—in a self-imposed circle limiting the experience of two persons only—*there* is the standard, and to that the appeal—how should a third person know? His presence breaks the line, so to speak, and lets in a whole tract of country on the originally enclosed spot. . . . So that the significance is lost at once, and the whole value of such letters—the cypher changed, the vowel points removed; but how can that affect clever writing like this? What do you, to whom it is addressed, see in it more than the world that wants to see it and sha'n't have it?

To all of this she replies, commenting, as he does, on Miss Martineau's unreason, but differing from him absolutely as to the burning of "*real* letters."

She does not object (as I have read under her hand) to her letters being shown about in MS., notwithstanding the anathema against printers of the same (which completes the extravagance of the unreason I think), and people are more anxious to see them from their presumed nearness to annihilation. I, for my part, value letters (to talk literature) as the most vital part of biography, and for any rational human being to put his foot on the traditions of his kind in this particular class does seem to me as wonderful as possible. Who would put away one of those multitudinous volumes, even, which stereotype Voltaire's wrinkles of wit—even Voltaire? I can read book after book of such reading—or could. And if her principle were carried out there would be an end. Death would be deadlier from henceforth. Also, it is a wrong, selfish principle, and unworthy of her whole life and profession, because we should all be ready to say that if the secrets of our daily lives and inner souls may instruct other surviving souls, let them be open to man hereafter, even as they are to God now. Dust to dust and soul secrets to humanity—there are natural heirs to all these things. Not that I do not intimately understand the shrinking back from the idea of publicity on any

terms—not that I would not destroy papers of mine which were sacred to me for personal reasons—but then I never would call this natural weakness, virtue; nor would I, as a teacher of the public, announce it, and attempt to justify it as an example to other minds and acts, I hope.

One may fairly see in that passage a clue to the history of these letters. Browning destroyed before his death all other letters of every kind. While he lived he refused with vehemence to furnish any documents for a biographical study of Mrs. Browning which was in progress. But these letters were kept by him, numbered and ordered, in an inlaid box which they exactly fitted; they were spared from the general destruction; and, in short, the decision as to what should become of them was tacitly left to his son. From the views expressed in the passage just quoted, one may fairly infer that Mrs. Browning would have consented that they should be given to the world; and Browning, in a matter of this kind, would never have run counter to her authority. Her son says, in his preface, that the choice seemed to lie between burning them and publishing them; and if they were to be published at any time we can see no reason against the present. We cannot regret Mr. Browning's decision. Had he chosen otherwise:

Surely a precious thing, one worthy
note,
Had thus been lost forever from the
earth.

And, indeed, the choice that Mr. Browning had to make was more difficult than Sir Bedivere's.

At all events, there the letters are, and, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Ruskin, they make a "record of various nobleness and tenderness" not to be surpassed. Certain things one deplores—for instance, the recurrence of

Miss Barrett's rather undignified pet name. Elizabeths seem fated to misadventure in this kind, and at least she is not so unhappy as the other Elizabeth, Miss Siddal, Rossetti's model and wife, whom Ruskin called Ida, and Rossetti addressed as "Guggums"—one of the revelations which recent biography might well have spared us. It is difficult, too, if not impossible, to escape from a besetting sense of eavesdropping. There would have been nothing impious in retrenching and editing; the record would have been perfect without publishing the letters *in puris naturalibus*; and, to speak frankly, we think that discretion demanded the suppression of passages which are simply endearments. The beauty of the record would not have been lessened, and the reader would have been spared the sense of assisting at an indiscretion. As the famous pair stand, like Alcæus and Sappho in the ode of Horace, one seems to see the illustrious dead flocking about them to hear their story, and

Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur umbræ dicere.

Many things they say which (as Horace meant the words) are meet to be listened to in reverent silence; but one must think also that the august shades are a good deal surprised to hear them utter in public many things which are in a very different meaning *sacro digna silentio*.

Having made our protest we go on to profit by the revelation of two natures certainly not less lovable than they were gifted. Letter-writing was not one of the gifts bestowed upon Browning; he embarrasses himself in long, contorted sentences; the humor, spontaneous enough, is never easy, and throughout one misses the sound of the voice. But if one does not hear the voice, there is the man plain enough.

Take him as a poet: you see the man perfectly clear as to his own vocation, resolute to say what is in him, and sanguine for the future, perfectly recognizing the distinction between his own work and that of his lesser contemporaries, not in the least disturbed because Miss Mitford arrives at the remarkable conclusion that Hood is the greatest poet of the age, yet perfectly modest. Bad criticism does not fret him, and for the good he is honestly grateful, making no pretence of sublime indifference to praise. One of the very earliest of these letters is a reply to her inquiry as to his "sensitiveness to criticism," which deserves to be quoted for a very characteristic specimen of his wholly deplorable style and wholly admirable temper. He begins by saying:

I write from a thorough conviction that it is the duty of me, and with the belief that after every drawback and shortcoming I do my best, all things considered—that is for *me*; and, so being, the not being listened to by one human creature would, I hope, in no wise affect me.

Then, after a page of singularly obscure and whimsical metaphor about growing cabbages, he goes on:

But it does so happen that I have met with much more than I could have expected in this matter of kindly and prompt recognition. I never wanted a real set of good hearty praisers—and no bad reviewers—I am quite content with my share. No—what I laughed at in my youth, and since, is a sad trick the real admirers have of admiring at the wrong place—enough to make an apostle swear. *That* does make me savage—*never* the other kind of people; why, think now—take your own "Drama of Exile," and let *me* send it to the first twenty men and women that shall knock at your door to-day and after—of whom the first five are the postman, the seller of cheap sealing wax, Mr. Hawkins, jun., the butcher for orders, and the tax-gatherer—will you let me, by Cornelius Agrippa's

assistance, force these five and these¹ fellows to read and report on this "Drama"—and when I have put these faithful reports into fair English, do you believe they would be better than, if as good as, the general run of periodical criticisms? Not they, I will venture to affirm. But then, once again, I get these people together and give them your book, and persuade them, moreover, that by praising it the postman will be helping its author to divide Long Acre into two beats, one of which she will take with half the salary and all the red collar,—that a sealing-wax vendor will see red wafers brought into vogue, and so on with the rest—and won't you just wish for your "Spectators" and "Observers," and Newcastle-upon-Tyne Hebdomadal "Mercuries" back again! You see the inference? I do sincerely esteem it a perfectly providential and miraculous thing that they are so well behaved in ordinary, these critics; and for Keats and Tennyson to "go softly all their days" for a gruff word or two is quite inexplicable to me, and always has been. Tennyson reads the Quarterly and does as they bid him, with the most solemn face in the world—out goes this, in goes that, all is changed and ranged. Oh me!

This, be it remembered, was in 1845, when praise was in no way plenty. And of envy or of any kind of uncharitableness there is not a trace from end to end of these long volumes. Moreover, you find this sedulous artist, who had so shaped his life as to avoid the least need of compromising his art, now ready to alter the whole scheme of his existence, and take any means that may offer of a livelihood—to seek some employ under Government from his friends, to return to writing for the stage, even to attempt the novel—*Di meliora piis*—in order to get married. The position in which he was placed was almost incredible. Mr. Barrett had, by some twist of mind, which it is charitable to call insane, decided that any thought of marriage in any of his children was black disloyalty to him—

¹ Qu. "their."

self. This daughter, the poetess, had lavished on him an almost fantastic tenderness; imaginative, high-strung, and made hysterical by her long seclusion, she could not bring herself to face the idea of awakening his displeasure, and she had created a visionary conception of his love for herself. About the same time as she learnt for the first time what a different kind of love might mean, her delusion was roughly shattered. In the autumn of 1845 the doctors declared that it was imperative for her to pass the winter abroad, and she consulted with Browning as to places of sojourn. But her father not only refused to hear of the project, but visited her with his heaviest displeasure for having been so rebellious as to entertain it. She remained, therefore, in London at the risk of her life. Browning thought of this what any sane man would think, and, as was natural, it appealed to more than his mere reason. He told her plainly what he thought of it—that it was tyranny; but he respected her respect for her father. He was willing to admit that the man might be other than his acts spoke him, and he was passionate in apologies for having perturbed her by speaking his mind. But, practically he did a great deal more than acquiesce in the undignified concealment which her regard for a third person's caprice imposed upon him. He said, in effect, This is intolerable, but it shall be borne. Sooner than cause her a trouble which he had every reason to believe would be transient, he abjured his right to act on his own reason and conscience in persuading her to act for her own good. He was content to accept the position of coming to see her once or twice a week as a mere visitor, with the further aggravation that his visits had to be arranged or postponed so as to avoid any encounter with other visitors, and for other intercourse he relied upon let-

ters; and the only practical limit set to the duration of this arrangement was the possibility of maintaining it without arousing Mr. Barrett's suspicions. It was nobly characteristic of the man that he never accounted it a mark of regard to say, "I cannot live without you;" to bid her throw herself upon love for his sake and hers; nor, in short, to use any of the other common-places which mask the ordinary desire for the particular gratification on which a man has set his heart. He simply made over to her the whole of his existence, all the faculties of his being, to be used, not according to his ideas of right or wrong, wisdom or unwisdom, but just at her pleasure, asking no better than to devote himself. It was a Quixotism, no doubt; every age has its Don Quixotes, and there are no characters it can less dispense with. It was no figure of speech to say that this love was the main business of his life. He kept her letters with the same method and order as other men keep their accounts; he counted the minutes he spent with her.

"Shall I tell you?" he writes, some six months after their first meeting, "I never in my life kept a journal, or register of sights or fancies or feelings. In my last travel I put down on a slip of paper a few dates that I might remember in England; on such a day I was on Vesuvius, in Pompeii, at Shelley's grave; all that should be kept in memory is with me best left to the brain's own process. But I have, from the first, recorded the date and the duration of every visit to you; the number of minutes you have given me . . . and I put them together till they make . . . nearly two days now; four-and-twenty-hour-long days that I have been by you, and I enter the room determining to get up and go sooner. And I go away in the light street repenting that I went away so soon by I don't know how many minutes."

The envelope of her letter fixing a day for his first coming is endorsed

simply, "Tuesday, May 20, 1845, 3-4½ p. m.," and quite at the other end of the record is a letter endorsed, "Saturday, September 12, 1846, ¼11-11¼ a. m. (91)." The letter on which it is written is a hurried line, dated the previous Thursday, bidding him come on the Friday to arrange finally for the secret marriage, a step to which they had been forced by Mr. Barrett's sudden determination to remove his household for a time into the country. The endorsement is a record of the marriage, and the figure 91 shows that it was the ninety-first of their meetings, which were always thus registered by him on the letters. There is something curiously eloquent in this bald, business-like arithmetic, which contrasts so oddly with the pathetic incompetence he displayed when it came to looking out trains for their secret departure a week later.

In short, this rather plain, thin, faded, hysterical woman was loved for herself as perhaps none of all the world's famous beauties has ever been. There never were any more letters to be printed after the last that is in this book, for in the ten years of their married life the Brownings were never a day apart. And the woman who inspired this noble devotion was worthy to inspire it, as we find her in these letters—a poet in every fibre of her, but adorably feminine, weak with more than a woman's weakness and strong with more than a woman's strength. It is, naturally, the artist that one sees first, writing to the artist, on subjects of their common art; the woman is only to be divined. Yet, as one reads on, and sees the woman more and more, one never loses sight of the poetess. Here, for instance, is a really wonderful passage explaining her alarms in thunder, and dating them back to her childhood among the Malvern Hills:

We lived four miles from their roots,

through all my childhood and early youth, in a Turkish house my father built himself, crowded with minarets and domes, and crowned with metal spires and crescents, to the provocation (as people used to observe) of every lightning of heaven. Once a storm of storms happened, and we all thought the house was struck, and a tree was so really, within two hundred yards of the windows, while I looked out—the bark rent from the top to the bottom . . . torn into long ribbons by the dreadful fiery hands, and dashed out into the air, over the heads of other trees, or left twisted in their branches, torn into shreds in a moment, as a flower might be by a child. Did you ever see a tree after it has been struck by lightning? The whole trunk of that tree was bare and peeled, and up that new whiteness of it ran the finger mark of the lightning in a bright beautiful rose-color (none of your roses brighter or more beautiful), the fever sign of the certain death, though the branches themselves were for the most part untouched, and spread from the peeled trunk in full summer foliage, and the birds singing in them; three hours afterwards, and in that same storm, two young women, belonging to a festive party, were killed on the Malvern Hills, each sealed to death in a moment with a sign on the chest, which a common seal would cover, only the sign on them was not rose-colored, as on our tree, but black as charred wood.

And she has the easiest and most natural way of saying the finest things.

All the great work done in the world is done just by the people who know how to trifle. Do you not think so? When a man makes a principle of "never losing a moment," he is a lost man. Great men are eager to find an hour and never to avoid losing a moment.

Here, too, is a delightful sketch of her childhood, beginning with the days when she used to "make rhymes over her bread and milk," and write "of Virtue with a large 'V,' and 'Oh Muse' with a harp, and things of that

sort." A little later came a French rhymed tragedy on Romulus, and then theology had its turn. Is not this oddly like the beginning of Miss Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm?"

As to the gods and goddesses, I believed in them all quite seriously, and reconciled them to Christianity, which I believed in, too, after a fashion, as some great philosophers have done, and went out one day with my pinafore full of little sticks (and a match from the housemaid's cupboard) to sacrifice to the blue-eyed Minerva, who was my favorite goddess on the whole because she cared for Athens. As soon as I began to doubt about my goddesses, I fell into a vague sort of general scepticism . . . and though I went on saying the "Lord's Prayer" at nights and mornings, and the "Bless all my kind friends" afterwards, by the childish custom . . . yet I ended this liturgy with a supplication which I found in "King's Memoirs," and which took my fancy and met my general views exactly. . . . "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." Perhaps the theology of many thoughtful children is scarcely more orthodox than this; but, indeed, it is wonderful to myself sometimes how I came to escape, on the whole as well as I have done, considering the commonplaces of education in which I was set, with strength and opportunity for breaking the bonds all round into liberty and license. Papa used to say, "Don't read Gibbon's history; it's not a proper book. Don't read 'Tom Jones,' and none of the books on *this* side, mind!" So I was very obedient, and never touched the books on *that* side, and only read instead Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," and Hume's "Essays," and Werther, and Rousseau, and Mary Wollstonecraft . . . books of which I was never suspected of looking towards, and which were not "on *that* side," but which did as well.

She had, too, as so many women have, that keen sense of humor which does not bear upon conduct; she could be relied upon never to see the droll side of a thing at the wrong moment,

either for herself or for another. Her humor never helped her, as it so often does with men, to a half-amused contemplation of her own spiritual sufferings, nor hindered her, as it so often does men, in a high aspiration. It was only there when the sun shone; then it laughed and sparkled like a stream in sunshine. Oddly enough, humor is far more evident in her letters than in his; and yet the whole of his work is informed with humor, while in hers that element is lacking. The truth is that throughout the whole correspondence she has the easier part to shine in, if you look at it merely as a scene in a play. She can be and is perfectly natural and free in her utterance; with him one is always conscious of a little constraint. Here are two people professing for each other, with the deepest sincerity and the best reason, passionate devotion, gratitude and worship. The man must inevitably feel that so far as he cares for the world's opinion the world is welcome to read his letters to her; they are what he says, and what he will stand by to the uttermost. He is paying to her what his sex has always held it its duty and honor to pay to hers; and for once, as he holds, the debt may be paid in its fulness. And she, as a woman, is receiving what all the traditions of her sex authorize her to aspire to, and envy her for attaining. But when it comes to a question of her letters to him, there lurks in his mind a dim sense that he is ridiculous; that any man who saw those letters would see at once the incongruity between her adoration and the object she adores; and the sense of this makes him abashed and halting in his speech. He cannot accept what comes to him without a protest, mute or spoken; and the result is just this stiffness in attitude. He is a little awkward in the presence of her protestations. Just once in a way he manages to become articulate; yet, as in the following let-

ter, he confounds himself in a labyrinth of disavowals both before and after he manages to say straight out what is in his heart.

But I *must* answer you, and be forgiven, too, dearest. I was (to begin at the beginning) surely not *startled* . . . only properly aware of the deep blessing I have been enjoying this while, and not disposed to take its continuance as pure matter of course, and so treat with indifference the first shadow of a threatening intimation from without, the first hint of a possible abstraction from the quarter to which so many hopes and fears of mine have gone of late. In this case, knowing you, I was sure that if any imaginable form of displeasure could touch you without reaching me, I should not hear of it too soon; so I spoke, so *you* have spoken, and so now you "get excused?" No; wondered at with all my faculty of wonder for the strange exalting way you will persist to think of me; now, once for all, I *will* not pass for what I make no least pretence to. I quite understand the grace of your imaginary self-denial and fidelity to a given word, and noble constancy; but it all happens to be none of mine, none in the least. I love you because I *love* you; I see you "once a week" because I cannot see you all day long; I think of you all day long because I most certainly think of you once an hour less, if I tried, or went to Pisa, or "abroad" (in every sense), in order to "be happy" . . . a kind of adventure which you seem to suppose you have in some way interfered with. Do, for this once, think, and never after, on the impossibility of your ever (you know I must talk your own language, so I shall say —) hindering any scheme of mine, stopping any supposable advancement of mine.

But as for her, she has no such impediments of speech. She can make her pretty confession, looking back, of what she had felt when she would not admit that there was any feeling; she can express frankly her delight in being loved for the only reason "which is no reason;" not because she is a poetess, nor because she is sympathetic, nor be-

cause he is chivalrous, but simply because he is he and she is she; she can speak her feminine avowals of the jealousy she could not repress of the "other women" who might profit when she persisted in refusing what he offered; or she can be as naïve as this shows her, when she went home after the secret marriage.

I did hate so to take off the ring! You will have to take the trouble of putting it on again, some day.

That is simply the woman, saying what every woman in love would have felt in her place, but few would have put so simply. But there are passages and to spare where the utterance is not only that of the woman in love, but of the poet; here is a last quotation, one where she makes her boast of her one capacity—the power to love—and in a sense explains it:—

Because I have the capacity, as I said—and besides I owe more to you than others could, it seems to me—let me boast of it. To many you might be better than all things, while one of all things—to me you are instead of all; to many a crowning happiness—to me the happiness itself. From out of deep, dark pits men see the stars more gloriously, and *de profundis amavi*.

So they stand before us, these two famous lovers, for other things justly famous, but for none more likely to be forgotten than for this culmination of their lives; and we cannot wish this record of their love inaccessible. But we hold strongly that if a wise selection had been made, and the whole packed into the compass of one of these volumes, many repetitions which grow tedious might have been spared, many things not needful to the record, and better kept secret, might have been left in a fitting seclusion; yet the story might have been told in all its fullness, the natures amply displayed, and a bad precedent avoided.

WHAT THE GYPSY FORETOLD.*

In August of the year 1816—I don't remember the exact date—there arrived at the door of the Captain-General of Granada a certain ragged, old gypsy, seventy years of age, by trade a sheep-shearer, who was called Heredia. He was mounted upon a very lean, weak-kneed black donkey, whose harness consisted of a rope tied about its neck, and he had scarcely set foot upon the ground when, with the utmost assurance, he asked to see the Captain-General.

It is needless to add that such presumption aroused in turn the resistance of the sentinel, the laughter of the orderlies, and the doubts and vacillation of the aides-de-camp, before he was brought to the notice of his Excellency, Señor Don Eugenio Portocarrero, Count of Montijo, at that time Captain-General of the ancient kingdom of Granada; but as that grandee was a man of kindly disposition, and had already heard of Heredia, who was celebrated for his jokes, his bargains and his love for the property of others—with the permission of the deluded owner—he sent word to let the gypsy enter.

He had scarcely entered his Excellency's office, taking two steps forward and one backward, as was his custom under grave circumstances, when he fell on his knees exclaiming:

"Long live Mary, Most Holy, and long life to your grace who is the ruler of the whole world!"

"Get up; stop your flattery, and tell me what you are after," responded the Count dryly.

Heredia became serious at once and said: "Well, your lordship, I have come

for you to give me the thousand *reals*."

"What thousand *reals*?"

"Those offered some days ago by proclamation to any one bringing information about Parron."

"What! you know him?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then?"

"But I know him now."

"How?"

"It's simple enough; I looked for him, I saw him, I bring the information, and I beg my reward."

"Are you *sure* that you have seen him?" exclaimed the Captain-General, with an interest that overcame his doubts.

The gypsy burst out laughing, and said: "It's very clear to me that your honor is saying to himself, 'That gypsy is like all the others, and wishes to cheat me!' May God never forgive me if I am telling a lie. I *saw* Parron yesterday."

"But do you know the importance of what you are saying? Do you know that for three years this monster, this bloody bandit whom nobody knows or has ever seen has been constantly pursued? Do you know that every day in different parts of these mountains, he robs travellers, and then kills them, for he says that dead men tell no tales, and this is the only reason that he has never been brought to justice. Finally, do you know that to see Parron is to meet death itself?"

The gypsy laughed again, and said: "And does not your honor know that what a gypsy cannot do no one on earth can do? Does any one know when our laughter or our sorrow is real? Does your honor know of a fox that has as many tricks as we? I repeat, General, that I have not only seen Parron, but I have talked with him."

*Translated from the Spanish for *The Living Age* by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

"Where?"

"On the road to Tozar."

"Prove it."

"Listen, your honor. It was eight days yesterday morning since my donkey and I fell into the hands of some robbers. They bound me securely and led me through some rocky ravines, until we came to a cleared space, where the bandits camped. A cruel suspicion tormented me. 'Can these be Parron's people?' I asked myself constantly. 'Well, then, there is no help for it. They will kill me, for this cursed one has sworn that the eyes that look upon his face shall never behold another.'

"While I was thus reflecting, there appeared before me a man, gaudily but elegantly dressed who slapped me on the shoulder and said smilingly:

"My good man, I am Parron"

"To hear this and fall flat on my back were one and the same thing.

"The bandit burst out laughing. I got up with trembling limbs, then fell upon my knees and exclaimed fervently:

"Blessed be thy soul, king of men. Who would not have known thee by the princely bearing that God has given thee. Is it possible that there is a mother who has given birth to such a son! Let me embrace thee, my son. May this little gypsy die an untimely death if he was not wishing to meet thee and tell thy fortune and kiss thy imperial hand. Dost thou wish to know how to trade dead donkeys for live ones? Dost wish to sell thy old horses for colts? Dost wish to teach a mule French?"

The Count of Montijo could no longer suppress a laugh. Presently he asked:

"And what did Parron say to all this? What did he do?"

"The same as your honor. He laughed with all his might."

"And you?"

"I sir, I laughed too, but tears as big as oranges ran down my cheeks."

"Proceed."

"Presently he extended his hand to me and said: 'Friend, you are the only man of talent who has fallen into my power. All the others had the bad habit of trying to make me serious. They wept and complained and did many silly things that put me into a bad humor. You alone have made me laugh, and if it were not for these tears—'

"What! they are for joy!"

"I believe it. The devil knows that it is the first time that I have laughed for six or eight years. But then, I have not cried either. Let us hasten! Eh, boys?"

"The words came scarcely out of his mouth before I was surrounded by a ring of blunderbusses.

"Heaven help me,' I began to scream.

"Stop!" cried Parron. 'I am not ready yet for this. I called you to find out what you have taken from this man.'

"A donkey with his hide on.'

"Any money?"

"Three duros and seventy reals.'

"Now leave us alone.'

"The men went away silently.

"Now tell me my fortune,' exclaimed the robber, extending his hand to me.

"I took it, thought a moment. I knew that I could speak freely, so I said with great earnestness:

"Parron, sooner or later, whether you take my life or leave it, you will be hanged.'

"I knew that already,' said the robber with perfect calmness. 'Tell me when.'

"I began to consider the matter.

"This man,' I said to myself, 'will give me my life. To-morrow, I can reach Granada and divulge his hiding place. Day after tomorrow they'll catch him; then the trial will begin.' 'Do you ask when?' I said aloud.

'Well, take notice, it will be during the coming month.'

"Parron shuddered, so did I, fearing that my love of fortune telling might cost me my life.

"'Now look here, you gypsy,' said Parron, very slowly, 'you will remain in my power. If by the end of next month they do not hang me, I will hang you, just as sure as they hanged my father. If I die by that time, you will be free.'

"'Many thanks!' I said to myself, 'to pardon me after death,' and I was sorry that I had made the time so short, but there was no help for it. I was taken to a cave and locked up. Parron mounted his mare and rode off through the bushes."

"There, I understand," exclaimed the Count of Montijo; "Parron is dead, you are free, and therefore you know where he is."

"No, General, Parron is alive, and now comes the darkest part of my story.

II.

"Eight days passed without a sight of the captain. As far as I could make out he had not been seen in those parts since the afternoon I told his fortune. Not an unusual thing, as one of the guards told me.

"'Do you know,' he said to me, 'the chief goes to hell occasionally, and does not return until he gets good and ready, and we don't know what he does during these long absences.'

"By force of entreaties, and as a sort of payment for telling the robbers' fortune, prophesying that they would not be hanged, and that they would live to enjoy a tranquil old age, I had succeeded in getting them to take me out of my cave late in the afternoon and tie me to a tree. It is needless to say that a pair of sentinels kept watch over me.

"One afternoon, about six o'clock, the robbers who had gone out on duty by order of Parron's lieutenant, returned to camp, bringing with them a poor reaper, forty to fifty years old, who was bound like the paintings of Jesus Christ, and who was lamenting in a most mournful way: 'Give me back my twenty duros,' he said. 'Ah! if you only knew how I have worked to earn them—a whole summer reaping in the hot sun. A whole summer away from my own village and my wife and children! And I have gathered together by the sweat of my brow this sum, in order that we might live this winter! And when I go home eager to embrace my family and to pay the debts the poor creatures have been obliged to contract in order to eat, what shall I do without this money, which is a fortune to me? Pity, gentlemen! Give me my twenty duros. Give them to me for the sake of the Holy Virgin Mary.'

"A mocking laugh answered the poor man's complaints. I shook with horror, bound as I was to the tree, for gypsies also have families.

"'Don't be a fool,' finally said a bandit, going towards the reaper. 'You do wrong to think of money, when your thoughts should be upon more serious things.'

"'How?' said the reaper, not understanding that there could be a greater misfortune than leaving his children without bread.

"'You are in the power of Parron.'

"'Parron! I don't know him. I have never heard his name. I come from a distance. I am from Alicante, and I have been reaping in Sevilla.'

"'Well, my friend, Parron means death. Every one that falls into our hands must die, therefore, make your will in two minutes, and commend your soul to God in two more. Make ready! Aim! You have four minutes.'

"'I shall improve my time. Listen to me for pity's sake.'

"Speak."

"I have six children, and one unfortunate—widow, I will say, for I see that I am about to die. I read in your eyes that you are worse than wild beasts—yes, worse—for beasts of the same species do not kill each other. Oh! pardon! I do not know what I am saying. Gentlemen, some one of you must be a father. Is there not a father among you? Do you know what it is to have six children starving all winter? Do you know what it is for a mother to see her children die, crying 'I am hungry; I am cold?' I do not beg my life for myself, but for them. Life is not worth much to me—a chain of toil and privations. But I must live for my children, oh! my children! children of my soul!"

"The father dragged himself along the ground and turned his face towards the robbers. Such a face! It seemed like one of those saints that King Nero threw to the tigers, as the priests tell us in their sermons.

"The robbers' hearts were touched; they looked at one another, and seeing that all were of the same mind, one ventured to say—"

"What did he say?" asked the Captain-General, profoundly affected by the story.

"He said, 'Friends, Parron must never know about what we are about to do.'

"'Never, never!' muttered the bandits.

"'Go, good man,' exclaimed another, with tears in his eyes.

"I also made signs to the reaper that he should go at once. The unfortunate wretch got up slowly. 'Hurry up, march!' they all shouted together, turning their backs. The reaper held out his hand mechanically.

"'Haven't you got enough?' cried one. 'Do you want your money besides? Go! Go! or we shall lose our patience.'

"The poor father went away weeping and was soon lost to sight.

"Half an hour had scarcely passed, which had been employed by the robbers swearing one another never to tell their captain that they had spared a man's life, when Parron suddenly appeared leading the reaper beside his mare.

"The bandits fell back in astonishment. Parron dismounted leisurely, unstrung his two-barrelled carbine, and aiming at his comrades, said: 'Fools! Infamous wretches! I don't know why I don't shoot every one of you! Quick! Give back to this man the twenty *duros* you stole from him!'

"The robbers brought out the money and gave it to the reaper, who threw himself at the feet of the bandit chief with so kind a heart.

"Parron said to him: 'By the peace of God! Without your directions I should never have found them. Now, you see that you mistrusted me without cause. I have fulfilled my promise. There you have your twenty *duros*. Be off with you.'

"The reaper embraced him and went joyfully away, but he walked scarcely fifty paces when his benefactor called him.

"The poor man hastened to return: 'Do you wish anything, sir?' he asked, eager to be of service to the man who had restored happiness to his family.

"'Do you know Parron?'

"'No, I do not know him.'

"'You mistake,' replied the bandit, 'I am he.'

"The reaper seemed stupefied. Parron brought his gun to his shoulder and fired two shots at the man, who fell to the ground.

"'May you be accursed,' was all he said. In spite of my terror, I noticed that the tree to which I was bound shook slightly. One of the balls, after striking the reaper, had glanced aside and had cut the cords that bound me.

I kept quite and waited for a good chance to escape.

"In the meantime, Parron, pointing to the reaper, said to his men:

"Now you can rob him. You are imbeciles, a set of fools! to let this man go as he did shouting along the highway. It is fortunate that I met him, and learned what had passed. If the soldiers had seen him he would have given information of our whereabouts and we should all have been in prison. See the consequences of robbing without killing. Well, you have had a sermon; now go and bury this body at once."

"While the robbers were digging the grave and Parron was eating his lunch, with his back turned to me, I gradually slipped away from the tree and slid down a bank near by.

"Night had come on, and shielded by the darkness, I set out with all haste. By the light of the stars I found my donkey who was peacefully browsing, tied to an oak tree. I mounted him, and did not stop until I reached here. Therefore, señor, give me my thousand *reals*, and I will put you on Parron's track. The fellow still has my three and a half *duros*."

The gypsy gave a description of the bandit and received the promised reward. He then left the office, leaving the Count of Montijo and a person who told me the whole story, utterly astonished.

It remains to be seen whether he was right when he told Parron's fortune.

III.

Fifteen days after the scene to which we have just referred, about nine o'clock in the morning, a large crowd of idlers, in the streets of San Juan de Dios, and part of that of San Felipe of the aforesaid capital, watched the forming of two companies of soldiers who were to start out at half-past nine

in search of Parron, whose hiding place, the description of his person and of his companions had been verified by the Count of Montijo.

The interest and excitement of the public were extraordinary, and not less so was the solemnity with which the soldiers took leave of their families and friends before marching upon so important an expedition. Such was the terror which Parron had inspired throughout the ancient kingdom of Granada.

"It seems we are ready to form," said one soldier to another, "and I don't see Cabo Lopez."

"That's very strange, for he always gets here before any one else when there is talk of starting out in search of Parron, he hates him so."

"So you don't know what has happened?" said a third soldier joining in the conversation.

"Hello! this is our new comrade. How do you like our company?"

"Very well, indeed," responded the new comer, a pale-faced man of distinguished bearing.

"What were you saying?" asked the first.

"Ah, yes! Cabo Lopez is dead," responded the pale-faced soldier.

"Manuel! What do you mean? It can't be. I myself saw Lopez this morning just as I see you now."

The man called Manuel coolly said: "Parron killed him half an hour ago."

"Parron! Where?"

"Here in Granada. They found the dead body of Lopez upon the Cuesta del Pirro."¹

All were silent, except Manuel who began to whistle a patriotic air.

"That's eleven soldiers in six days," exclaimed a sergeant. "Parron proposes to exterminate us! But why is it that he is in Granada? Aren't we going to look for him in the Sierra-de-Loja?"

¹ Dog's hill.

Manuel stopped whistling and remarked with his usual indifference: "An old woman who witnessed the deed says that since he killed Lopez she hopes if we look for him that we may soon have the pleasure of seeing him.

"Comrade! You are cool! How dare you speak of Parron with such contempt?"

"Well, is Parron more than a man?" asked Manuel haughtily.

"Fall into line!" was then shouted. The two companies formed and the roll-call began.

It happened at that moment that the gypsy Heredia was passing, and, like every one else, stopped to watch the troops. It was noticed that Manuel, the new soldier, gave a start and stepped back a little as if to hide behind his companions. At the same time Heredia fixed his eyes upon him. The gypsy gave a loud scream, and jumped as if a snake had stung him, then ran swiftly up the street of San Jeronimo.

Manuel raised his carbine and aimed at the gypsy, but another soldier quickly struck the gun up, and the shot was fired in the air.

"He's crazy! Manuel has gone crazy! A soldier has lost his wits," shouted the spectators, while officers, sergeants and countrymen surrounded the man who was struggling to escape. After they had secured him by main force, they overwhelmed him with questions, accusations and insults, which brought no answers from him.

In the meantime, Heredia had been stopped in the Plaza de la Universidad by some passers by, who, seeing him running and having heard the shot, took him for a malefactor.

"Take me to the Captain-General,"

said the gypsy. "I must speak with the Count of Montijo."

"Oh, you must, must you? Much the Count will see you!" replied his captors. "Here come the soldiers, they will know what to do with you!"

"Of course they will," said Heredia, "but be careful and not let Parron kill me."

"Parron! What is the man saying?"

"Come and you will see." So saying, the gypsy made them lead him to the commandant of the soldiers, and pointing to Manuel, he said: "Commandant, this is Parron, and I am the gypsy who gave a description of him to the Count of Montijo two weeks ago!"

"Parron! Parron is arrested! A soldier was Parron!" shouted the crowd.

"There is no doubt about it," said the Commandant, in the meantime reading the description given him by the Captain-General. "By my faith, we have been stupid! But who would have thought of looking for the captain of the robbers among the very soldiers who were about searching for him."

"Fool that I am," said Parron to himself, looking at the gypsy with eyes like a wounded lion's. "He is the only man whose life I ever spared. I deserve what has happened."

On the following week Parron was hanged, and thus the gypsy's prophecy was literally fulfilled. Which does not signify, however, that you ought to believe in the infallibility of old gypsies' tales. Neither is Parron's plan of killing every man he met to be approved. It signifies that the doings of Providence are inscrutable to the human reason—a doctrine which, according to my judgment, cannot be more orthodox.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcon.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"Chesterfield," said George II. to Lord Hervey, "is a little tea table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs: as if anybody could believe a woman could like a dwarf-baboon."

When one reflects that the object of these remarks is all his life bringing to bear upon Majesty the inimitable manners, the insinuating address, the polished wit and the infinite grace which are associated with the name of Chesterfield for ever, the speech serves as a fine instance of the vanity of human endeavor.

My Lord Chesterfield is born in London in 1694, of a mother who dies early, and of a father who neglects and dislikes him. He escapes the wholesome kicking of a public school (a course of Eton might have mitigated my Lord's delicate contempt for all "field sports" as "the resource of little minds"); goes to Cambridge at eighteen and is for a while extremely classical, argumentative, book-learned and pedantic. Then he makes the Grand Tour, looks about him pretty keenly under those beetle brows, feels the social pulse, as it were, with a very pretty white hand, discovers that the world does not like instruction and superiority, and, being determined that it shall like him, "I . . . immediately adopted the opposite character. I concealed what learning I had; I applauded often without approving; and I yielded commonly without conviction." If the picture is not a perfectly pretty one, it is at least entirely characteristic. My Lord—he is as yet only Mr. Stanhope and just nineteen years of age—thus early sets up

the goddess whom he is to worship with a magnificent persistence all his life long. She may not be a very beautiful creature—a tinsel thing, infinitely capricious, who will have her devotees lick the dust, fawn on the great, cringe, lie, flatter; who is called variously Fashion, Popularity, and Applause; but who, such as she is, finds in My Lord Chesterfield an adherent that better causes have lacked.

He is still quite a boy at the Hague, when he games—not, at first, because he likes gaming; but because he takes it to be an indispensable part of the character of a fine gentleman; and drinks, which is rather a pity to be sure, as, when he has half ruined his constitution, he finds out that after all excess is not a necessary ingredient of fashionable perfection.

When other young men are frank, jolly, and youthful ("unlicked creatures" enjoying those "rustic, illiberal sports of guns, dogs, and horses") this one is already perfecting his manners to "wriggle" into royal favor, or improving his "ton" with the edifying society of corrupt women of fashion. His splendid abilities (one has but to look at his face in his portrait without consulting his life at all to see what brilliant abilities they must have been) enable him, no doubt, to acquire a very unusual amount of information and knowledge of the world, so that when he returns to England, and is made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales, he is almost from the first, with his high birth, his exquisite *savoir faire*, his ease, wit, urbanity, and those brilliant parts, one of the finest social figures in the kingdom.

Can't one fancy Mr. Stanhope at Court?

It is his element. He is but twenty-

two years old and already a perfect follower of that fine Court maxim: "Caress the favorites, avoid the unfortunate, and trust nobody."

It is a little unlucky, indeed, that an utter disbelief in human nature should lead one sometimes into mistakes as grave as a too confident trust in it, and that Mr. Stanhope should waste a vast deal of his time and attention, and many most beautiful letters, in trying to gain the ear of the Prince through Mrs. Howard the Mistress, instead of through Caroline the Wife. Mr. Stanhope, indeed, thinks Mrs. Caroline of so very little importance that he is delightfully witty at her expense when her back is turned, or before her back is turned almost, so that one day, stung out of her wise German silence, "You have more wit than I," she says to him, "but I have a most bitter tongue, and always repay any debts of that kind with most exorbitant interest." And is so much better than her word, in fact, that for all my Lord's cringing, flattering, cajoling—for all these beautiful *bons mots* and "*les manières, les agréments, les grâces*"—his little stupid Master sees him always with the wife's clever eyes and distrusts him to the end.

Is it Mrs. Caroline working in the background that My Lord (he is really My Lord now, and has recorded his father's dying with a good deal of vivacity in his letters to the Mistress) is made nothing better than Ambassador to the Hague when the Prince becomes George II.? My Lord accepts the post, anyhow, and at the Hague acquires a taste for business and forms a connection (one of those genteel gallantries by which he is of the very convenient opinion that the heart is not corrupted) with the woman who becomes the mother of his son. When he is recalled a second time, and finally, from the Hague, with his exquisite manners no doubt more exquisite still and a *finesse*

and delicacy in diplomatic relations unequalled before or since, he opposes old Walpole's Excise Bill (in a prepared speech My Lord has a most splendid eloquence), and a few days after has to "surrender the whitestaff" to His Majesty, who is not a bit moved by the letter My Lord writes him, and allows the finest courtier that ever lived perhaps to console himself as best he may with fashion and gaming at Scarborough.

It is in spite of the King, as it were, (My Lord games too much, says the King,) that Chesterfield marries Melusina Schulenburg, who is forty years old and exemplary and dull and has been married before; but who is the daughter of George I., and ought to have, but doesn't, 40,000*l.* Such a fine gentleman as her husband could not be expected, of course, to be faithful to such a homely and disappointing person. He is not faithful. He is writing "the well-known song," a dreadfully artificial love-song, but as true as he knows how to make it perhaps, to My Lady Fanny Shirley presently. Melusina is meek enough. Poor Melusina! When My Lord is at the summit of his fortunes at last as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a position he fills with an infinite tact and ability, she is spoken of as having not a thread on her that is not of Irish manufacture, accepts later her husband's more or less platonic friendships with Madame de Monconseil and Madame de Tencin just as she accepts the Irish clothes, sends kindly little messages in My Lord's letters to that son of his who is not her son, and speaks of him after his death (Heaven reward the hypocrisy of some women!) as "*ce très cher et très digne homme feu my lord Chesterfield.*"

The pair live apart for a while, perfectly resigned to the separation. My Lord games a great deal and speaks in Parliament upon a hundred subjects long since dead and forgotten, with

such a matchless ability that Horace Walpole (who is not too much My Lord's friend, and has heard his own father, Pitt, Pulteney, Wyndham, and Carteret) "declares the finest speech he ever listened to was one from Chesterfield."

My Lord's reign in Ireland has a most just and extraordinary *éclat*. He travels abroad and stays in Paris. He is at the Bath very often—splendidly distinguished, not merely by genius and oratory, but as the man who can pick up a fan or turn a compliment better than any other fine gentleman in Europe. He accepts ill-health—he is beginning to be a little gouty—with a cheerful philosophy (not all ignoble) and as a pretty just penalty for the excesses of his youth—which he looks back on as quite natural and proper to that time of life and does not wish undone in the least. Experience does not teach him either (he is, all through his life, superior, as it were, to learning lessons from this grim mistress) that flattery and insinuation do not pay so very much better than a little common honesty after all; and is not a bit abashed most likely at having paid fulsome court and compliment one day to an insignificant page in the anteroom of St. James', under the delusion that the boy is the son of My Lady Yarmouth, the reigning Mistress. The Queen is dead by this time, with the hate which she bore My Lord Chesterfield living on, as distrust and dislike at least, in her husband's heart, so that for all that exquisite breeding, that judicious delicate wit, those thirty years of high-bred cringing, My Lord (who stands well with Lady Yarmouth too) can't bring the King to treat him with anything better than a cold civility.

Chesterfield is forty-four years old, and the little son born to him at the Hague (Melusina has no children to help her through life) but five, when the father begins that correspondence

with the boy, by which, rather than by his oratory, genius, and political achievements, he is best known to posterity. The letters, above all letters ever written, are taken up with the affairs of one individual. My Lord is not writing, like some of his rival letter-writers perhaps, to one for the benefit of many; he is not writing of his own life, to show off a brilliant wit, to supplement history. He has but one aim—perfectly sincere, consistent, and unchanging—the welfare of his only son.

Poor little Phillip! One must needs pity him.

The earliest of the letters are packed close with instruction. Phillip is to know French, Roman history, Latin verse, and perfectly unedifying stories of gods and goddesses, when he ought to be playing at tops and drums, or listening to fairy-tales in a frock. He is only eight—Papa, not to miss a single chance of instruction, calls it "oetennis"—when the poor little wretch is sent an "Historical and Chronological and Biographical Dictionary," "for your amusement, and not by way of task or study."

It is impossible to help being almost glad, when, sent to Westminster, the unfortunate child breaks out once in a refreshingly youthful manner and gets a rash from eating too much fruit; or to help feeling sympathetic when one discovers that the "youth" of nine is provided with a tutor who doubtless not only prevents him skipping lightly through Papa's immense effusions, but sees that he answers them in the same learned strain.

It is not long, however, before My Lord hears with horror that Phillip is becoming a conscientious booky person with superior virtues and inferior manners ("I cannot stand inattention and awkwardness," writes the father, "they would endanger my health"), and from that moment begins building up that

famous "system of education to corrupt youth from its nursery."

Is it difficult to fancy him writing those letters? He is just come from the Court, where he has been flattering the King or the Mistress—or the Page of the Backstairs very likely, for fear the page, sometime or other, should turn out to be an influential person after all—and pushes back those fine ruffles from his white hands to write: "Manner is all, is everything: it is only by manner that you can please, and consequently rise." "Showish and shining people always get the better of all others, though never so solid." "Please all who are worth pleasing: offend none. Keep your own secret, and get out other people's. Keep your own temper and artfully warm other people's." "I owe much more of the success that I have in the world to my manners, than to any superior degree of merit or knowledge." "I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration." "If you would be a great man in the world when you are old, shine and be showish in it when you are young." "Have you found out that every woman is infallibly to be gained by every sort of flattery, and every man by one sort or other?" "I would pay flattery to a negro for his goodwill." "The more you know men, the less you will trust them." (This remark is addressed to a little boy at school.) And over and over again with a reiteration not a little wearisome, the most earnest and solemn adjurations to the practice of "*les grâces, les grâces*," "*les manières, les agréments, les grâces*," "*un douceur dans les manières*," and "*les grâces, les grâces*," for ever and ever.

As for My Lord's worldly wisdom, that it is at times infinitely wise there can be very little doubt. Is there something pathetic in the picture of the old worldling stealing from the fine

company, to form just such another perfect worldling (who won't be formed, it turns out) as himself? My Lord writes from La Babiole—his brother's legacy to him at Blackheath—from Isleworth, from the Bath, after visiting Pope at Twit'nham, perhaps, or seeing that dying lioness old Sarah Marlborough, who knows the real Chesterfield under the exquisite manners, and yet yields to their charm and leaves My Lord a legacy and her trustee. He is always writing in fact. He *won't* doubt Stanhope's ability to be a fine gentleman and man of the world. "Be wiser than other people if you can," he says one day; "but do not tell them so;" and another: "Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is disagreeable to seem reserved and very dangerous not to be so." And a third day, "Defamation and calumny never attack where there is no weak place: they magnify, but they do not create." And then drops again into those Turveydroopian maxims on deportment and dress, and the care of the finger nails and the cultivation of the bow, which make Carlyle contemptuous, and Macaulay find My Lord's letters "mostly trash."

The fine father, indeed, never leaves the son alone on these points. What is, in fact, the morality—the famous or infamous—morality of these letters in which poor Melusina sends little messages and which My Lord writes with perfect complacency, and never a doubt as to the worthiness of his scheme? Sin, says the father, in effect, but sin elegantly. Sin in the best company and you may sin with impunity. Sin carefully, like a gentleman, that you may by all means avoid the hideous effects of vulgar crime. Flatter the basest and meanest, if you may gain the smallest advantage. Humble yourself—(is it old Johnson who calumniate My Lord by saying that he is a

proud man?)—to the dust before the lowest if you may win a favor. Accommodate your morals to your company. Don't "for God's sake" be so ill bred as to show, or to have, unfashionable virtues.

My Lord writes the doctrine, not once but a hundred times. He writes it in exquisitely careful and polished English. It is the conviction of a lifetime. As to Right and Wrong—the words are replaced in the Chesterfield dictionary by Acceptable and Unacceptable, and the crowning grace of a perfect character is to "wriggle" into favor by the "manners of a dancing master."

Mr. Stanhope appears to continue obstinately for a little to be of a dull moral turn. But the careful father can't allow any one to be *si bête*. It is not a pretty picture, that of the parent wasting splendid talents to corrupt the child. But then what would one have? What My Lord calls a *commerce galante* gives a young man such "ton" as to be positively a necessity. Women, in fact, "put a young fellow in fashion." My Lord believes less, if that could be, in their honor than in men's. There is no flattery too gross for them. Gain them and despise them. They are only the means—but a necessary means—to that supreme end, one's own advancement. Use them for this—or for your pleasure merely—and fling them aside when you have done with them. Virtue? Their virtue is never anything but a pose. Are you such a dull fool as not to see that? My Lord's sneer at the boy who, not yet quite corrupt, pleads diffidence or timidity, answers its purpose. It is a splendid morality.

When Horace Walpole speaks of his Lordship's letters "as the Whole Duty of Man adapted to the meanest capacity," when Lord Elliot, who travels with Mr. Stanhope, wonders that "Chesterfield should have endeavored to make his son a rascal," and old Johnson

breaks out with his famous dictum on My Lord's manners and morals, one sees how his by no means too particular contemporaries estimate the parental advice. The Chesterfield white-washers are, moreover, dreadfully handicapped by Chesterfield himself. My Lord flings down his pen when he has written those letters and looks out at posterity who is so obligingly trying to turn him into that bourgeois thing, a moralist, with a very keen sarcasm in those clever eyes. A moralist? No, thank you. Virtuous? Certainly; so far as it is the fashion to be virtuous, and so far, which is not very far to be sure, as a man of such exquisite *savoir faire* can be so without offending modish infamy. He acts up to his own lights with perfect conscientiousness. One could hardly say anything more damning of his character.

A dreadful tragedy occurs to him presently (the father has written volumes of letters by this time), when a too candid friend informs him that Mr. Stanhope has not, and never will have, any *douceur* in his manners, cannot learn to "loft genteelly" or to compose his countenance to the "respectful, the cheerful, and the insinuating," and is, in brief, not a whit better than the "respectable Hottentot" to whom his father has shudderingly alluded.

My Lord has the young man home (My Lord has the supremely English virtue of never knowing when he is beaten), sets him on another improving course of reading (poor Stanhope!), and introduces him to a most polished and cultured society at La Babirole. It is not difficult to fancy the father's feelings harrowed a thousand times a day by the awkwardness of the son, and hiding the sharp little stabs of his own heart under that gay charm and grace of manner and diverting the fine friends' attention from luckless Philip's *faux-pas* with the most delightfully delicate tact. In all the history of worldli-

ness there is perhaps hardly a bitterer disappointment. My Lord does not whine over it. He has a philosophy and courage one must needs admire.

The great hope of his life is that his boy should be a fine gentleman; and he can't be a fine gentleman. There are no reproaches (though there is still a little, but much less, advice on *les grâces*) in the letters that follow Philip abroad—My Lord having procured him the envoyship at Dresden. The father still has never the shadow of a doubt as to the perfect wisdom and good policy of his scheme of education. But towards the son, who so fails to profit by it all, he is abundantly magnanimous.

His own health, such as it is, fails still more now. He resigns the Seals (and must be disappointed perhaps that neither his resignation nor his apology for resigning produces "the least consequence,") and on that very same day goes back to White's and to the cards, which, being the man of pleasure who knows the most perfectly how to make the pleasures subservient to his interests, he has never touched during his tenure of office. He retires thus from the world political; builds and adorns his house in London; collects pictures; hobbles about the Bath among the fine company, exquisitely careful not to ape the youth he has left behind him, and yet exquisitely curled, patched, and powdered to the end. He trifles sometimes with a little light literature—papers to "Common Sense" (a very brief-lived periodical), which downright Mary Wortley Montagu parodies under the title of the "Nonsense of Common Sense," and Chesterfield, meeting Mary next week at the Bath, perhaps, raises her stout hand to his lips and compliments her in beautiful terms on her parts and her understanding, which compliments shrewd Mary estimates at quite their just value, and is a little bit pleased, perhaps, that she has made

His Elegancy My Lord smart under his smiles. He has a worse smart to endure when old Johnson repudiates his tardy patronage in that famous letter which hits so hard that its rough, kindly old writer won't give it publicity for a long while, saying with a smile, "No, sir! I have hurt the dog too much already." The dog! After the lapse of nearly a century and a half, one shudders to hear so coarse a name applied to such an exquisite.

Melusina, with the rest of the luggage, is taken to the fashionable resorts too, sometimes. But she does not count. It is only My Lord one sees, rather rheumatic ("I wish it were a declared gout," he writes very characteristically, "which is the distemper of a gentleman, whereas rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney coachman or chairman"), toadying the great, flattering the women ("A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humors and flatters them"), and at all times most brilliant, keen, worldly, and amusing. He is still, of course, writing to Stanhope. The letters are much less instructive and more entertaining. He finds time at La Babiole from doing nothing at all (a great proof of affection this, says the father) to keep up the correspondence as usual. He suffers a great deal there, with an infinite pluck, from languors, vertigos, and doctors. He is always going to be cured of his distemper and never is cured. He rides about the country a little; he even takes interest in a garden.

Does he think the while of the son who has disappointed him? He cannot but so think. Has he given up his ambitions regarding him, and now cares for Philip with the better affection which some can give to the unsuccessful, the dull, the obscure? It may be so. To the sudden and premature death of that hope of all his life, My Lord at least makes in his letters scarcely a single allusion. It is like

the climax of the Greek Tragedy, before which one draws the curtain.

When the news comes to the father that Mr. Stanhope (to whom he has been infinitely liberal, as well as infinitely affectionate) has been for years secretly married, and left behind him a widow and two sons, My Lord, true to a not ignoble ideal, utters still not a single complaint. He provides for the widow and the sons with a magnanimity which has been little insisted upon by his admirers, but which sets his character not the less in its noblest light.

He writes very kindly to Eugenia Stanhope, who doesn't love him, and accepts his favors, and with the proverbial ingratitude of the benefited and not a little feminine malice, publishes his letters (and so, his character) after his death.

Chesterfield is now seventy-four years old. "I have drained Pandora's box," he writes to Major Irwine, "without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that Nature lays upon old age are very heavy." Is there any confession of a worldling quite so pathetic? And My Lord, who won't be taught by experience, and with an invincible obstinacy for which, though it is not admirable, one can't get rid of a sneaking admiration, has already turned his attention to another little Phillip, his godson, and is proceeding to try and form him, just as he tried to form Phillip the First. The letters to the godson are, it has been said, much tenderer and less immoral than those to the son. But can the Ethiopean change his skin or the leopard his spots? The old hand which writes now is the same hand which wrote that complete system of perfect worldliness (with its thin veneer of copy-book virtue on the top) to the son; the father who recommends the first Phillip to corrupt innocence to polish his manners, commits the infant mind of the second Phillip to the noto-

rious Doctor Dodd; and while Horace Walpole has occasion to mock at the boorishness of the son, Fanny Burney can't help reflecting how "that quintessence of high ton, the late Lord Chesterfield" would "blush to behold his successor," and godson.

My Lord does not live for that final disappointment. The leader of fashion (it has been said of Chesterfield that the young men at White's used to sit round him "applauding every syllable that he uttered," and that it was once "the regular custom of the higher circles to laugh whenever he opened his mouth, without waiting for his *bons mots*"), the orator, the political light, the wit, the most brilliant member of all societies, is, by a refined cruelty of Fate, cut off at the end of his days from almost any society by deafness. He employs that dreary leisure for the most part in trying, a second time, to make learning attractive to a childish mind by an infinite store of anecdote. He sees very often a certain Mr. Dayrolles, who is his friend and befriended by him. Melusina forgives much, one hopes, and is good to him. He writes in that exquisite handwriting and in those famous finished periods to Montesquieu, his Grace of Newcastle, and the Bishop of Waterford. Horace Walpole comes often now to see him. My Lord breakfasts with Horace at Strawberry Hill. And then again, and with a marvellous patience and persistence, he turns to his desk and tries to form the godson for the world. That there ever creeps even now into My Lord's mind a single doubt that such a world is not infinitely worth winning, does not appear. He looks back when he is dying and believes in it. It is his goddess who has turned her face from him often and been, at the best perhaps, but niggardly of her favors—and he kisses the hem of her garment with his old lips. That he might have pledged his soul for something better

does not occur to him. The King he flattered and the Queen who hated him are alike dust. But to the dying courtier "*les grâces, les grâces*" are still the perfect means to the perfect end. About half an hour before he dies, Mr. Dayrolles (whom the Earl, in times past, has very earnestly recommended to curry royal favor by means of Lady Yarmouth) comes to see him. My Lord has just strength to say: "Give Mr. Dayrolles a chair." He never speaks again. What imagination could have invented half such a characteristic end?

As to the man's true nature under the polish and finish of those exquisite manners, posterity is left in little doubt.

As one reads the Letters the shrewd eyes look out of them. This is he to whom all great things are small and all small things are great. This is he who counts always on men's vileness, meanness, and dishonor, just as he is counting on all women's lightness when he makes love to some married woman of rank (to whom all women should be grateful) who turns him out of her house with the words: "Think yourself well off, My Lord, that for this insult I do not order my servants to push you headlong out of doors." Does

the incident teach him anything? Nothing. No cruelties of Fate correct him. He acts up perfectly to the meanest of ideals. His consistency is unrivalled.

And one takes up the Letters, written by such a man, which are on dreadfully twaddling subjects sometimes, as well as being tainted by that peculiarly unsavory morality, which contain very little information about the age in which they were written, which have scarcely any of the brilliant social wit of Horace Walpole, and none of the broad humor of Mary Montagu, and is fascinated by them. There is here and there indeed a maxim which is better than any of Rochefaucauld's; there is worldly wisdom; there is endless parental advice; but it is for none of these things one reads My Lord.

That infinite dignity and grace of expression, that careful ease, charm, finish, polish, which are as far from the stiffness of Mr. Pope as from the colloquialism of the vulgar, that delicate suggestion of intimacy with all the great literatures of the world and that perfect air of good breeding, make his familiar correspondence into a classic.

And it is for style that Lord Chesterfield has gone among the gods.

S. G. Tallentyre.

Longman's Magazine.

A VOICE OF CONTENT.

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep,
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its fancy seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Noting my step in bliss,
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

Robert Bridges.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

High up over the sea it stands, the little village of St. Agnes, between the sky and the olive woods, sometimes among the mists of the mountains; and from the summit of its rocks, four streams rush and gurgle downwards to the four valleys, to the north and south, to the east and the west. I found it one sunny evening in February as I journeyed northward from the coast with my donkey Grisa, laden with sea-shells and pretty things from Genoa for the children at home. We had walked all day, Grisa and I, at first through the steep olive and lemon groves over stony ways, and up steps, crossing every now and little water-courses, the water-brooks of God, as the people called them, happy and singing after the recent rain. Then we had come to the pines, and the violets grew fewer and fewer, and the mountains greyer, till at last we were alone on the hillside, two little moving black dots against a world of grey. Our last halt had been at the mouth of a cave, where I had kindled a fire and made myself a cup of tea for my twelve o'clock breakfast, and Grisa had eaten dainty morsels of white bread soaked in tea, like the good beast she was, yet truly preferring the thistles which grew around but not liking to say so. The old cave, high on the hillside, looked straight out to sea, down the deep valley. It was the house of some hermit or anchorite in the old days when such people were wanted, before our new time came and swept out the rubbish, and began to litter the world for itself. Indeed, even yet over the doorway there remained the old legend, *Christo La Fecce, Bernardo l'Abito, 1528*; and though Bernard was dead and gone, and Christ seemingly going, the cave still remained there, a good shelter,

even for those who can make the best of things, a spacious hostelry for all those passing wayfarers since poor Bernard slept of nights on his rock-floor and dreamed that curious dream of the Middle Age, that he was thereby pleasing God.

Grisa and I (with some reluctance, for we were tired, having been afoot since dawn) started again after an hour's rest, walking until the sea faded away into just a bluer ribbon between a blue sky and the grey green of the olive woods. The country was wilder here and more lonely, and every now and again one got a glimpse of the snow, on a faraway peak in a different land it seemed, so far was it,—could it, could it be Switzerland?

As the sun went down we had come in front of a rough stone crucifix by the way, and I halted Grisa and sat down on the little stone staircase that led one up to the foot of the cross, to look at the sun setting there in the west behind the mountains of Esterel. The whole earth seemed to have taken on a new and shining garment. There was some rare suggestion as of gold-dust in the air, and slowly I seemed to become conscious of the sound of falling water, a sound that had never left us all day, but which suddenly seemed to become lively, as it were, to become separate from the mere spinning of time that goes on always whirling past us, only seemingly silent. Presently, as I watched the sunset, or as my gaze was fixed for a moment on some clear patch of sky overhead, a great star would rush towards me out of the distance, and then suddenly stop and twinkle there, nearer than before, but after all, as it seemed to me, so very far away. It is always thus; I have looked for the stars from childhood,

having learnt it from the old nursery days when one could curl oneself (one was small then) on the window-sill in the twilight, and watch for stars while nurse prepared tea, and the firelight was playing on the ceiling, and the shadows dancing and leaping in the half darkness.

Presently it was almost dark, as dark as it could be while the sky in the west was still rosy or faintly living; and Grisa and I went forward, hoping to reach the village, now visible almost above us, before the night in very truth set in. We had trudged on for another mile when, out of the darkness that hung like a great grey curtain on either side of the way, a child leapt suddenly, and without a moment's hesitation dropped on its knees in front of me, so that I had to halt Grisa very abruptly to prevent her trampling on him.

He was a curious looking little being. A mass of yellow hair, rough and unkempt, tumbled over a round face red and rosy as the face of an English child, a thing rare in these parts; his eyes were large and were looking at me half in surprise, half in awe, while his dirty hands, held in front of his nose, clasped and unclasped themselves in evident eagerness or curiosity.

"Well," said I, "and when are you going to let me by?" I expected the usual request for a sou, but the child, for he was little more, looked at me for a full minute in silence before answering.

"So you have come, Monsignor," he said, "you have come to-night; but it was to-morrow you should have come."

"I see you were expecting me," I cried; "but, as you see, it is getting dark, and I wish to reach the village as soon as possible, so you will show me the way, will you not? Come, let us go on."

"You will go to St. Agnes," said he, in great surprise; "you will go to our village, and you will stay there against

to-morrow? Eh, but yes, Signor, I will show you the way very gladly indeed."

He took my hand a little timidly at first, but more trustingly, more lovingly, as we trudged on; and before we had gone another mile he was sitting perched on the donkey among the parcels and the flowers, holding my hand still, and looking in my face with large wondering eyes.

The way was more level now, and though Grisa was tired she could not have felt his little weight among so many other things; and occasionally he would chirrup to her some little song that surely helped her somewhat, for she picked up her feet and we covered another mile. And then we came on the village quite suddenly, a long, straggling, cobbled way, steep and rough, and built in long steps. On one side for the first hundred yards, houses rose, scarcely more in their draughty dirtiness than hovels, while on the other was sheer rock and precipice. The whole place was indescribably dirty, and as we ascended, and the houses grew up on both sides of us, just a narrow strip of deep blue sky, with a star or two peering down on us between the buildings, was all that was left of the deep night that had crept on us for so long till at last it had seemed just to lay its cool hands over our eyes half an hour before.

Under the arches of houses built over the street, past long, straggling stone staircases that seemed to lead, one had to guess where,—perhaps to some witches' nook out among the straw and cobwebs—while here from a grated window, scarcely a foot wide, the grunts of the cattle came mingled with the sound of human voices, singing or praying slowly, rhythmically, up the street we went, till a level square, with a great tulip-tree growing in the middle, told me I had come to the market-place. I walked to the parapet to see the view, which was wonderful; a

thousand feet or more below lay the sea, with the moon just coming up out of the East and painting the world in silver and gold. It was so calm that I could see Sirius riding like a great lily reflected on the shell-like surface of the water, while above Orion threw his right arm across heaven and pointed ever eastward. Everything was absolutely silent save for a kind of music in the air which seemed not indeed to be separate from that stealthy movement of night, creeping up so ceaselessly; the music of the spheres indeed, I thought, while under the olives a great white sheep stirred and hobbled to another tree.

"Little boy," I said, "little boy, I have brought you so far for love; and now for love you must take me to the inn." But he had gone, stolen away as I watched the sea and the night, setting store by such things as I do.

I turned to lead Grisa back to the street, that I might inquire my way of someone, when I became aware that I was not alone, as I had thought, but that indeed the square was full of people, full of men and women intent on something, intent, as I instantly saw, on praying. In long lines they knelt there under the stars, chanting monotonously, led by a white-haired old priest,—a village at prayer, swaying slightly as one man to the music of the words and the rise and fall of the chanting.

Presently I saw my little friend peep out from somewhere behind the worshippers and come towards me. "You will come this way, Monsignor, will you not?" said he; "and oh, be very careful not to be seen."

He seemed so eager that I followed him silently, and it was only when we had once more turned into the street and were climbing again that I ventured to say: "Tell me, then, what they are praying for; St. Agnes's day is gone by, is it not?"

He looked at me shyly and smiled as he answered: "They are praying against to-morrow, of course, Monsignor."

He was ahead of me leading Grisa, and I could not see his face, save now and again when he turned to look at me so earnestly. "To-morrow," said I, "and pray what may to-morrow be?"

"To-morrow," said he, "as all the world knows" (he laid such stress on the *world*), "is the last day, and the Gran' Signor will once more come back to us."

So to-morrow was the last day, alas, alas, and all the world knew it! And I looked far away to my left, where the West was, and there, like a faintness on the lowest hills, were the lights of Monte Carlo. "And so the Christ comes to-morrow," said I.

"Yes," he answered quickly; "why have you come to-night, Monsignor?"

"I am returning from Genoa," said I, "where I have been busy; and I am going home to my little children as fast as may be."

"And you have brought them anything?" said he.

"Of course," I answered.

He said no more, but led me on till we came to a narrow alley, that turned down hill at right angles to the street.

"Is the inn here?" said I.

"No," answered the boy from the donkey's head; "but it is not good that you go to the inn. I will take you to my house."

"But no," said I; "you must let me go to the inn."

"Inns are no place for you," said my guide, in his manly little way; and so I meekly followed.

We came to the house at last, dingy and desolate, for his parents, he informed me, were praying in the square, and had been doing so for the last week. He took me to his own little bed, brought me bread and milk and some eggs, then modestly bid me lie down

and sleep, for, said he, "the Christ comes to-morrow."

I was wakened very early in the morning by the sound of groaning and chanting. I rose, pulled on my clothes, and walked out into the street. The whole village and mountain-side were covered with mist, drifting, and white and damp. It was cold and there was no sign of the sun; the daylight was only sufficient to show where one was going. I found my way back to the square; there were still some people praying, but the sound of chanting and groaning came from below, and I turned to the side nearest the street and looked down upon a sea of white mist drifting almost like smoke hither and thither.

The path wound down the mountain here, I knew, though I could see nothing for the mist, but the groaning and the chanting kept reaching me from the depths. Presently I saw something moving, something black that straggled its arms wide and moved clumsily. Next moment I knew it was a crucifix; and yet no, it was not a crucifix,—and yet again it was a living crucifix, a huge black cross borne on the shoulders and the outstretched arms of a man in a black robe and cowl with slits for the eyes; and as I looked, though he was a hundred feet below me, I saw his eyes blaze with enthusiasm and passion, and his body crouch to the chant; and then he was lost in the mist. And then came another and another, till I had counted forty-four men and women bearing the cross. Surely this little world was indeed celebrating the second coming of Christ, and indeed all the world must know that it was the last day.

Still they came, as it were, across my mind for a moment, and then plunged once more into the mist. I shivered, the morning was cold, and I had had no coffee nor even a mouthful of wine. I felt a touch on my arm.

"So you have come." It was my little

companion of last night. "I knew you did not wish to be known last night, Monsignor," he said, with a wise nod of his head, "so I gave you my bed while I watched. But now you have come, what do you mean to do?"

"I?" said I. "I am going on when I have had some breakfast."

He seemed surprised. "But I thought when you came it was the end of all," said he.

I looked at him for a moment; evidently his long night-watching had made him silly, as though he were drunk; I had seen such things before among the mountains. "I am going home," said I, "to my little children."

"How I hate you," said he, "oh, how I hate you!"

"Hate me? What for, my little fellow?" said I.

"Oh, they have told me about you," he went on; "they have told me how you will spoil it all, and burn it all, all this and this, that I love so much. Already they have taken my mandolin and sold it to buy candles for you; and you are come now at last to spoil the sun, and to take away the sea that shines, as precious things shine, in the morning. And the flowers were beginning to come again, and the streams to grow young again, and not to speak with such gruff voices; but you will spoil it all,—how I hate you!"

"But," said I, "I shall do nothing of the sort."

He looked at me half doubtfully. "You won't?" he said. "Ah, but they told me you would; they know, they are very much afraid. People do not tell lies who are very much afraid."

"They told you,—who told you?" said I.

"Father Agnolo," said he, "and all the people say so."

"But Father Agnolo doesn't even know me."

"Father Agnolo not know you!" said he. "Why, he has been to Rome and

seen the Pope, and so of course he knows the Gran' Signor, who always comes on an ass and a colt the foal of an ass. Eh, but you, Monsignor, he knows you well. Why, even I knew you!"

So that was it then, and I was——surely the mist must have got into my head; and the groaning and the mourning and the chanting and the crucified men and women, were they for——?

"Come with me, little boy," said I, "and we will get Grisa, my donkey, and harness her, for I must be getting home to my little children."

He came with me reluctantly, and seemed as though he would have asked my pardon for offending me and making me sad. He certainly was not in the least afraid of me, and I wondered till I remembered how he hated me, and then I wondered no more.

As we harnessed Grisa and ate our

breakfast, I explained as well as I could, that I was not that one whom he believed me to be. But it was not until we had reached the top of the hill, whither he had accompanied me on my way, and the path once more sloped he was convinced; for then the sun was up and the mists were scurrying away like gully ghosts, and the groaning and the chanting were far away, and indeed somewhere overhead a bird sang.

As I wished him good-bye, he smiled at me and said: "And so of course I am not to hate you any more, and I am going to buy a new mandolin with your gift, Monsignor, and I will make a song for you like the birds that we both love."

"And," said I, "may be when the Gran' Signor comes one day, he will be better than they say."

"My faith, I believe you!" said my little friend.

Edward Hutton.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITTLE WHITE ROSE.

Little white rose that I loved, I loved,

Roisin ban, Roisin ban!

Fair my bud as the morning's dawn.

I kissed my beautiful flower to bloom,

My heart grew glad for its rich perfume—

Little white rose that I loved!

Little white rose that I loved grew red,

Roisin ruad, Roisin ruad!

Passionate tears I wept for you.

Love is more sweet than the world's fame—

I dream you back in my heart the same,

Little white rose that I loved!

Little white rose that I loved grew black,

Roisin dub, Roisin dub!

So I knew not the heart of you.

Lost in the world's alluring fire,

I cry in the night for my heart's desire,

Little white rose that I loved!

Dora Sigerson.

A PLEA FOR WILD ANIMALS.

In a charming book lately published in London by Dr. Axel Munthe,¹ and called "Vagaries," there is a passage which has often occurred to me since I read it, as the expression of a cultured and humane nature, and which first came to me as gratefully as a word of my native language has done when I have been months without hearing it:

A man of culture recognizes his obligations towards animals as a compensation for the servitude he imposes on them. The pursuing and killing of animals for mere pleasure is incompatible with the fulfilment of these obligations. Sympathy extending beyond the limit of humanity—i. e., kindness to animals—is one of the latest moral qualities acquired by mankind. This sympathy is absolutely lacking in the lowest human races, and the degree of it which a man possesses marks the distance which separates him from his primitive state of savagery. An individual who enjoys the pursuing and killing of animals is thus to be considered as a transitional type between a savage and a man of culture. He forms the missing link in the evolution of the mind from brutishness to humanity.

No one who knows Dr. Munthe or has read his "Letters from a Mourning City"—the record of his experiences in the city of Naples during the last great attack of cholera—will question either his love for, or services to, mankind or his culture. As I know him and his humanity, it is a profound pleasure to me to find him among the zoophilists. One who is persuaded of a divine leading cares but little about finding himself on a lonely way, but his heart warms none the less to the chance-met wayfarer on the same path. Dr. Munthe was in no wise ignorant of the

fascination and physical advantage of what are known as field sports, for he was once a sportsman, and is no namby-pamby "sentimentalist"—as those who view the care of the life of other creatures as a sacred charge, never to be idly or needlessly neglected, seem to be considered by the practical world. When one is in the company of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Ruskin, there is no disgrace in avowing oneself to be so sincere a sentimentalist as

Never to blend our pleasure or our
pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels.

We are a minority, a small minority, indeed, as all advocates of a beneficent principle have been at first, and probably we shall always be so to the end of time, or at least until ancient prejudices are worn out; but we have civil, moral and religious rights, which a people professing Christianity is bound sooner or later to recognize. We believe that every creature in existence has a claim on mankind for protection from all cruelty or needless pain, and that no man, for his pleasure, has a right to expose any of the lower animals to a greater pain than must be inflicted in the process of utilizing it for the legitimate uses of mankind. This principle, properly speaking, limits our protest to what is, practically, torture of the lower creatures, and the killing of those which are useless when dead and harmless while living. Our claim to be heard has, in the abstract, been admitted by the laws for the prevention of cruelty to domestic animals. The restriction is neither logical nor just, for if there be private property in a domestic animal, there is less right to interfere with it than in the case of the

¹ *Vagaries*. By Axel Munthe. London: John Murray. 1898.

wild animal, the prevention of cruelty to which is a higher obligation, as due to a creature which has no individual caretaker, but depends for its existence on the collective toleration of the community. The common right to catch and kill every wild animal that falls properly under human economy does not escape the control and definition of the law, and the abuse of it by needless cruelty is equally within our collective right of prohibition. For every permitted act of cruelty, whether to the inoffensive wards of the community or to those the title to which is vested in an individual the community is responsible.

And though, like Dr. Munthe, I renounce the pleasures to which in past years I was, like him, devoted, and though to myself there could be nothing but pain in taking an inoffensive life, I do not for others exclude field sports as a legitimate and beneficial pleasure, so long as they are pursued on any system which excludes cruelty or pleasure in the suffering inflicted, as in all the so-called sports of baiting and torture. I have been an ardent sportsman, and perfectly understand the pleasure of all forms of the chase. I have had a reputation in the backwoods as a rifle-shot and fly-fisher inferior to few, and I was born and lived for years in a country and condition which made the bill of fare on my father's table sometimes depend largely on the gun and rod, so that it would be pharisaic to embitter myself against those who do likewise; but I console myself by remembering that I never found anything but pain in the manner of the death I inflicted, though it was the least painful possible. I always preferred shooting with a single rifle-ball to using a shot-gun, and from the days of my earliest reflection I only killed for food. And, in spite of this, I have inflicted deaths which at the interval of an ordinary lifetime bring tears

into my eyes to recall them, deaths, where, in spite of my precautions, I saw my game go to die long and painful deaths in an undiscovered refuge. Death comes to all; and when an animal is devoted to death for the service of man nothing is more to be desired than a shot from a skillful marksman. I have killed many deer, for I have often been in a position to depend on my gun for my dinner; and very few of those I killed could have died more easily; but there is one death which I remember almost as a human tragedy, and the noble buck which was my victim comes back to me like the stag of St. Hubert with the cross of martyrdom on his head. I had built a camp in the Adirondacks for the coming of a large party of friends, and found myself at nightfall, belated and with nothing on hand for their food. I went out after dark to kill a deer by the unsportsmanlike method of jack-hunting, in which a deer, dazzled by a light in the hunter's boat, and apparently fascinated, allows the hunter to approach to easy killing distance even in the dim light of the stars. We found a deer feeding in the shallow water, and for greater certainty, I fired at him a charge of buckshot, it being impossible to see the sights of a rifle. The deer galloped away into the forest, and though we found blood on the herbage, it was out of the question to follow him into the pathless forest, and we went back at daylight to trace him with the aid of a terrier, our only dog, but used to this kind of tracking. After a few minutes the deer took refuge in the lake, and galloped across a long stretch of lily-pad, and I put a rifle-ball through his heart as he went out. When we examined him, we found that he had had three legs broken by the buckshot, one in the thigh and the other two in the lower leg, and must have passed the night in torture; but he carried himself so bravely that the killing of him

seemed a sacrilege, and I could hardly believe as he went past me that I had wounded him the night before. All the pleasures of memory drawn from my deer-shooting do not weigh with me so much as the pain of that night's shot.

Though I have long abjured the sports which are based on the suffering of other creatures, I do not forget and I do not proscribe them; let every man judge for himself as to those things. But of one thing there can be no question—any pleasure that is based on the fears, the necessities, or the suffering of other creatures is immoral and degrading to the civilization which permits or tolerates it, and demands of public opinion and the law efficient repression; and any appliance for the extermination, even of creatures that are noxious, which inflicts needless pain—like traps that mutilate and crush without killing—are inhuman, and should be rigorously prohibited. We are the lords of creation if you will, but not irresponsible arbiters of life and death to the inoffensive creation; and though law may be inert, and the opinion of the majority of men derisive, the fine decision of the highest morality, that which now determines the character of a civilization, stamps the commission of an act of wilful cruelty as inhuman, as contrary to the dictates of the nobler life, and of all religions that civilization tolerates, whether devotional or philosophical. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast" applies with still finer point to the "beast" that is still the undivided property of its Creator; and when our greatest of teachers told us that "a sparrow shall not fall without the knowledge" of Him whom we worship, He told us plainly enough that a moral responsibility rested on the author of the fall. There is no act of cruelty perpetrated in any community but touches in some way every noble interest connected with it. Society has, in a half-hearted way, admitted the duty of re-

straining acts of cruelty and barbarity, by the institution of associations for the prevention of cruelty to animals, which in England limit their action to the domestic animals; but if this right and duty exist for one class of the dumb creatures, they cannot be denied for another, and our civilization, our Christianity even, is at fault in the one case as well as in the other, when that duty is unfulfilled. If a man is punishable for cruelty to a beast which is recognized as his, he is more responsible morally for cruelty to the beast which is not his.

But while I admit the benefit to human beings of sports of the fields, and therefore their justification, as means of development of physical manhood and sources of health and vigor to those who live too narrow and restricted lives, I can only admit this to be a justifiable indulgence when conducted with the greatest possible observance of precautions against needless suffering to the victims, and every violation of this observance is *pro tanto* the mark of a moral delinquency in the sportsman. For the game of shooting at tamed and imprisoned pigeons, known as pigeon-shooting matches, no true sportsman can feel anything but contempt; and their discontinuance should not require the pressure of the law, for they are the amusement of the classes who theoretically recognize the existence of public opinion. They are cowardly, unsportsmanlike, and barbarous. The killing of useless wild creatures is an indignity which even every right-minded sportsman should revolt against, as is the killing of beautiful birds to gratify the vanity of women. These are not only offences against our obligations to the lower creatures, but against the general right of enjoyment of the beautiful in nature granted to every human being as a birthright—an enjoyment which increases with the individual in the ratio

of his attainment of culture and refinement. To those who have once admitted the divine sentiment of charity and affection for all the sentient creatures of our Maker, it becomes a part of the religion of the heart—a religion which, if I may judge from my personal experience of men, and especially of women, counts its adherents in England by hundreds of thousands—persons to whom the spectacle of the common brutalities of even our advanced civilization is a slow and unrelenting persecution, a needless and unprovoked torture, which we have the right to demand protection from as much as any other minority has the right to be protected from wanton attack on its religious susceptibilities.

I can easily understand that true and earnest men, and more rarely women, may ignore and underrate the pathos of this religion, which is, however, only an extension of the obligations imposed on us by the Head of the Christian Church and even indicated by Him. Not to comprehend it is no cause for reprobation, for many of us who hold it have only been brought into it by some chance incident which awakened feeling. I have lived for many years a violator of its obligations to tender forethought, and was converted to its reality, as many have been to that of the higher Christianity, by a chance call on my kinder heart. A baby squirrel, brought to me by a village boy, and which I bought in order to give it more effectual protection, first taught me, by its devotion and its almost human sympathy, the community of all sentient being, and awakened in me the perception of the common parentage of the great Creator; and, once the germ of the great truth planted, I found that, like the mustard-seed in the Teacher's parable, it grew to a great tree, which sheltered the birds of the air and the beasts of the field; and it brought me a reward I had not dreamed of, in a broad-

ening and intensifying of my spiritual nature which gives me a new sense of existence; for the love which is the essence of the teaching of Christ, and which is the great reality of His religion, had, until that quickening, remained a partial and almost dormant element of my life. My little four-footed teacher left me at his death a tearful recognition of a visit of my Maker in disguise, and ever since my heart, like that of St. Francis, has widened to the admission of all living things.

So, like a man awaking in a strange city, I found myself in the midst of a numerous community, the believers in the wider religion, the teachers in which are saints of old and poets of our day, St. Francis and his kind, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Emerson, Lowell, and how many more, who gave point and commentary to the spirit of what in past days was only to me the dead letter of doctrine. And I find, too, that this religion has its martyrdom and its sufferings, like that of which it is the complement. The sight of the brutality which is inflicted on the defenceless child or helpless woman, as well as the dumb victim of human violence, even the incidental suffering of the struggle for existence, now awakens an intensified pain, farther-reaching and more saddening than the old one, and unlike it, for it is rooted in a deeper sentiment of human nature, and the existence of the convert becomes a more passionate revolt against the injustice of mankind. The needless fall of the sparrow becomes a pain, and the cruelty of the gamekeeper arouses an insurrection in the heart against the social order which encourages it; the brutality of a callous cartman with his horse drives one into an imprudent anger, and, down to the death of a robin in the inclement winter, the minor world makes us share in its passion and its pain. It is not the pain or the revolt with which we see the life of a child crushed out, mutilat-

ed or worse, or watch, helpless, the perishing of the poor; when we have done what lies in us to prevent those infractions of the law of charity, there is still an untouched margin of love and sympathy (if these be two) for the "least of these;" and when the children are fed lesser creatures pick up "the crumbs that fall from their table." It would seem to me that, to a truly spiritual nature, the creatures over whom God has placed us in power and intelligence have claims on us only lower than those duties we owe our fellow-men.

It is true that in this way we increase the pains and burthens of life, but this all religion does; in one sense every religious life becomes a penance, but none is without its ample compensation. I have become incapable of giving pain to a worm; a maimed or tortured bird gives me as real suffering as an accident to a child once did and the world takes the tinge of a widespread wrong and brutality. To the social injustice and misery which make of any great city a huge Golgotha, there is now added the indefinite extension of sympathy to the wider world of sentient existence. I recognize the danger of this sentiment becoming, like ascetic Christianity, a morbid state. I remember a countryman of my own, a man of the highest culture and refinement, in whom this sympathy with the animal world had become so intense that he would permit no creature to be killed on his estate, and finally forbade all operations which led to their death, even to the mowing of the fields, lest the grasshoppers and crickets might be killed; and in the end the torture of this perpetual immolation of the lower creatures which he could not prevent was so excruciating that life became unendurable and he escaped from it by suicide. No doubt this had become insanity; the power of correlation had been destroyed by the morbid dwellings on the

suffering he had no power to prevent; but what a pathetic form of madness! In his exclusive attention to the wrongs of the dependent world he had forgotten the compensations not only to it, but to himself, and the larger fact that everywhere in nature the balance of pain and pleasure is in favor of the latter, and that in most cases the majority of things escape the suffering and enjoy the pleasure of life. It is only where man interferes that the balance is destroyed and the creature is exterminated. Nature, left to herself, fills the cup of life to overflowing, and the exceptions to this are few and far between.

I recognize no danger of a healthy mind drifting into the madness of my unfortunate countryman, for the compensations which Nature offers are in direct proportion to the pain she inflicts, and I see in the balance the operation of an eternal law. If I revolt from the giving of pain to any creature, it is because I have learned to love it, and the delight of loving overcomes the pain. I do not think the most enthusiastic sportsman, in seeing his game drop before his unerring shot, feels half the pleasure I find in witnessing the delight the creature has in the enjoyment of the life he takes away. Next to the joy of creation must be that of sympathy with the thing created, and with its pleasures, which is only possible to him who can "name the birds without a gun," as Emerson puts it. To be on friendly terms even with a sparrow is a keener satisfaction than the chase ever gave me, and I know no sensation the outer world can yield me equal to that which I derived from the confidence and friendship of a creature I could crush beneath my foot. The ghastly memories of all the game I ever in my wild life slaughtered do not give me the pleasure which I have found in teaching a wild creature to forget its inheri-

tance of fear of mankind and trust itself to my tenderness. Many trout have I lured from their deep hiding-places, but none with the keen satisfaction I have had in teaching a pout to rise at recognition of my approaching footfall to take a fly from my fingers and submit to my caressing, as if he were a creature of the air rather than of the mud; and I know no pleasure connected with the fishes like that of watching the fishlings gather and huddle in the eddies of the Rhinefall at Laufenburg and sport in the swift water.

My threescore years have passed, and perhaps I am returning, as old men do, to the emotions of childhood, for the joys I used to feel at the baying of the hound as he drove the deer around the echoing hills in the silence of a summer morning do not equal those I feel in gathering the birds to their breakfast on my lawn, or in taming a wild squirrel to my caress till he comes for it as the chief pleasure of his simple life, and refuses freedom for my care. Great as is the delight of the chase, as I knew it, of the free wild deer on his native hills, with all his wild advantages—no battues, no limits or enclosures, only the infinite space of the backwoods, pathless, and known to him and not to me, with the added zest of having to kill my dinner before I could eat it—in the substitution for this of the simple joy of the kinship and affection of "the least of these," I have widened the world of my enjoyments by a distance

. . . . wider

Than the star-sown vague of space,

because I have exchanged the satisfaction of a purely animal craving, satisfied with the infliction of death and the sense of my own dominion, for the profound sympathy with life, a delight which lays hold on the spiritual na-

ture, and is akin to the recognition of the Universal Life.

If I may borrow a term from theology (admitting for the moment that my principle is not theology), I would say that, to the "unregenerate man," this exchange is "foolishness" or a "stumbling-block," but any thinker who has accepted and assimilated the fundamental principle of Christianity, which is love, will apprehend the difference as a real and vital one. And on this great principle depends all the progress to be made in the true civilization—that which makes us citizens of that city whose head and light are the Eternal Love and Wisdom. To brutalize a sparrow is a trivial thing, but the Eternal watches its fall! In this seed-grain of mercy and justice even to the least of His creatures abides the growth of universal peace and love, waiting only till its summer comes, in which its germination and ripening shall be possible.

A truly benevolent and hard-working philanthropist, whose interest in children occupies a great part of her life, once reproached me with the waste of my sympathies on the "soulless creatures," when there are so many human waifs to be cared for. In a superficial view of the matter there is justice in the reproach, but there is in reality none. We ask for the wild creatures only what society has already accorded to the domesticated—mercy and kindness, "mercy and not sacrifice," and I have no faith in the Christianity of those who deny them. If there be one who, after having done his duty to the child, extends his claim for protection to the bird and the beast, is he less or more Christian? Man, as the most intelligent and powerful of created things, and endowed with all the appliances for destruction and preservation, has the guardianship of all the helpless creatures below him in the scale of creation, and wherever an

innocent creature needs that protection it has the right to it, and the according of it is a duty. If the wisdom of the Creator has seen fit to fill the world with "soulless creatures," our mercy and care cannot be wasted on them, nor will it ever be found that the person who cherishes tenderness for the lower animals is less sensitive to the claims of helpless mankind.

To an increasing part of the race, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, this sentiment of tenderness for those of the sentient lower creatures which are capable of recognizing it, and which are, therefore, capable of awakening and responding to human affection, has become an element in the spiritual life so strong that the continual violation of social obligations to them is a cause of pain and revolt, sentiments which have given rise to societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals without number; and yet in England, which stands at the head of civilization, we who suffer, and sometimes acutely, at the barbarity with which the undomesticated creatures are treated, have no law to protect us from spectacles which are often a torture to sensitive minds. The other day, here, where I am writing, in the town of Bournemouth, where the squirrels, driven out of their surrounding native forest by the brutal squirrel-baiting which is an amusement of the partially civilized lower classes in certain parts, sometimes find refuge in the gardens of some of the refined citizens, a boy succeeded in knocking down with a stone a friendly little squirrel who had ventured into the street, and after cutting off its tail—which, it seems, is used for the decoration (!) of ladies' bonnets—left it bleeding and crippled, but still living, on the ground, not caring to terminate the life he had mutilated. And we, to whom these things give inexpressible pain, have no right to demand of the law their cessation, not to speak of

punishment, though, if the same boy had beaten his donkey, we might have haled him before the judge. The law protects from such annoyance any religious sect, even in the enjoyment of its most fantastic articles of faith; but for us, in whom this form of outrage touches a profound religious sentiment, there is no appeal to the law to prevent it. We are not organized as a sect; we belong to the classes who do not greatly agitate, and are not dangerous, and the legislator may ignore us. If our God is the God of creation, the Lord of all that lives and feels, what shall His judgment be of the creatures to whom He has given His best gifts, and authority over creation, but who trample with heartless indifference on their harmless and beautiful fellow-creatures with which He made the world and our lives beautiful—what of the women who, to feed their personal vanity, encourage the destruction and torture of the most beautiful of His creatures, the birds of the air, and the slave-tradelike horrors of the seal fishery?

But if zoophilism enter into the category of religious obligations, it has also its religious consolations, for it brings to all who accept it the finer sense of life which comes from the sympathy with all that lives, the delight in the recognition of the happiness of other creatures, and to the poor more even than to the rich is it open, for their resources are fewer, and it leads to culture as well as to delight. It is the most delightful school for philanthropy, and one which will well repay the attention of the legislator, both for its direct and indirect influence; for it is a vital element in civilization. I do not remember in all my life a more exquisite sensation of pleasure than when, last summer, in the great and crowded Central Park of New York, thronged with its heterogeneous public, all classes and nations

meeting there, I saw a squirrel go about among the children on the broad footpath, stopping before each one, and standing up on his hind legs to ask for his daily bread. It was an ideal of the Millennium, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and a little child shall lead them; and to me it had a pathos finer than the finest music; my eyes filled with tears of delight, and, in spite of Tammany and municipal corruption, I exulted in a proof in the home of my childhood of a finer civilization than I have found in any other city. The occasional familiarity of

The Contemporary Review.

birds, and even of some quadrupeds, with certain known individuals in more or less secluded situations, I have often seen, but in that public park, filled with a promiscuous and cosmopolite crowd, mainly too, of the poorer classes, for whom it is the only playground, to see this timid little creature, unable to flit like a bird if molested, venture trustfully to question every one who passed, was a pleasure I have never had elsewhere, for elsewhere have I never seen such trust by a beast in indiscriminate humanity.

W. J. Stillman.

JOHNEEN.

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long.

Baby Johnneen,

Watch yerself now, for he's tarrible sthrong.

Baby Johnneen!

An' his fists 'll be up if ye make anny slips,—

With finger-ends rosy the same as daisy-tips,—

But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips.

will Johnneen.

There' nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,

this Johnneen,

For they're partly o' the earth, an' still they're partly o' the
skies.

like Johnneen,

So far as he's travelled he's been laughin' all the way.

For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;

An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play
with Johnneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck.

young Johnneen.

For he takes to the wather like anny little duck.

boy Johnneen:

Sure they are the hands now to pull on a rope,

An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope.

But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
for Johneen.

The Incongruities of Expenditure.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,

och Johnneen,

'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,

wee Johnneen!

Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night,

Slainte gal, aic ma chree! live an' do right,

Slainte gal, a vourneen! may yer days be bright,

Johnneen!

The Spectator.

Maira O'Neill.

THE INCONGRUITIES OF EXPENDITURE.

It is claimed by those social philosophers who would limit political economy to a study of what commonly is called the economic man—or of man regarded simply in connection with his desire for wealth—that their study of human motive, though no doubt artificially narrowed, acquires an exactness not obtainable otherwise, and within the specified limits not only exact but true. For thus, these philosophers say, the motives which we set ourselves to examine are all of them motives which have one definite index, and can all be reduced to one common denominator—that is to say, the amount of pounds, shillings, and pence which the persons in question will spend in order to secure what they desire; or conversely, the amount of pounds, shillings, and pence necessary to cause the expenditure of such and such efforts or sacrifices.

Now we are far from maintaining that there is not much truth in this argument; nor would we join for a moment in blaming the political economist for the use made by him of the abstract economic man, any more than we would blame the mathematician for the use made by him of the abstract number two. In practical life we have no abstract numbers. Mathematically four is always the absolute double of

two; but four potatoes, four horses, or four cabinet ministers, have not always twice the value of any two that make up the total. And the abstract economic man, is precisely like an abstract number. In practical life he has no complete existence; and in applied economics, just as in applied mathematics, we must take account of many things that are beyond the limits of our abstraction. But the abstract reasoning is as necessary in the one case as the other. In each case its results, when we apply them, will require indefinite modification; but in each case it supplies us with the conclusion which we have to modify. We are, therefore, not attacking the assumption of the orthodox economist, though it is one of the chief rocks of offence to our contemporary economic heretics; but we are anxious to point out that the motives of the economic man are not quite so simple as economists are given to suppose. Let us agree for argument's sake to assume that sums of money—the effort expended to secure them, and the things on which they are themselves expended—form some sort of true index to human desires and character; but, even assuming this, we shall find that the rule which we have thus laid down is embarrassed with many seeming exceptions.

When the provincial noblesse in Italy starve themselves on vegetables in their palaces, in order that they may exhibit to the bourgeoisie a smart pair of horses in public and a coachman in tawdry livery on the box of a new victoria, it is obvious that they value the appearance of family dignity very much more than the reality of personal comfort. When an English gentleman with a fine old home in the country lets it to a stockbroker, in order that he himself may hunt, may yacht, or may enjoy himself in bachelor quarters in London, it is equally obvious that the pleasures of excitement or vanity are more to him than the reality or even the appearance of family dignity: and in each of these cases the preferences thus revealed are registered accurately enough by the index of pecuniary expenditure. If a man halves his expenditure indoors, so that he may double his expenditure in the street, we may infer that he values show twice as much as he values comfort. On the other hand, however, there are many cases not so simple. A number of men and women, not devoid of true literary culture, will willingly pay half-guineas to see bad plays, where they will not allow themselves to spend five shillings on a good book. The book might amuse them for several days or instruct them for their whole lives, whereas the chief emotion produced in them by three of the plays out of four will be wonder why they came to them at all, or an ardent wish that they were over. Are we, then, to conclude that these cultivated men and women find that their emotions in witnessing trash when they are seated in an uncomfortable stall excel the pleasure of reading a good book at home, in proportion as the sums which they willingly spend at the box-office exceed those which they spend grudgingly at their bookseller's? Again, nothing is more common than to meet with an amiable host

who thinks nothing of telling his butler to open fresh bottles of wine, but would shudder at giving his guest a really first-rate cigar, or even of smoking one habitually himself. And yet half a crown judiciously spent on a cigar might save the expenditure of three times that sum on claret, and might give to the guest three times as much pleasure. Is the host's expenditure to be taken as showing that he desires to please his friend's senses to the utmost whilst dinner is in progress, but that this wish becomes curiously inverted as soon as the meal is over? A similar enigma is very frequently set to visitors at country houses, whose owners, when the visitors have arrived, will spend anything and everything for their comfort, their pleasure, or their amusement, but would infinitely sooner never see them at all than incur the expense of sending to meet them at the station.

Examples of such conduct might be multiplied indefinitely—conduct on which, though it deals directly with the expenditure of money, the amounts of money expended appear to throw no light. Between the two, however, there is necessarily some connection; and though this may, in many cases, be of a complex kind, in others its general character is not difficult to explain. The host who, whilst a prodigal with his wine, is a miser in the matter of cigars, is probably actuated by the belief that a wine of some rare vintage is recognized better than a cigar of some rare brand, and reflects, in consequence, a brighter radiance on himself. The host whose hospitality is splendid within his own four walls, yet does not extend to the railway station at which his guests alight, is probably of opinion that his superfluous profusion at home is sufficient of itself to do him all possible honor, and absolves him from the necessity of civility out of doors. And this explanation finds

curious confirmation in the fact that many entertainers near London of Saturday to Monday parties have been known to provide on the railway saloon carriages for their guests, who are left on arrival to take cabs from the railway station to the house. As it is impossible to conceive any experience more penitential than that of twenty people, all of whom are to meet at dinner, ranged for an hour round the sides of a saloon carriage and facing each other as though they were at church in a square pew, it is obvious that the saloon carriage is provided not because it is a luxury for the guests, but because it is an advertisement for the host. In other words, many of the seeming anomalies of expenditure are to be explained by the simple fact that the money which we expend on others is, with regrettable frequency, really expended for ourselves.

This explanation will cover a very large class of cases; but it will not cover a class to which we referred at starting—a class of expenditure which is avowedly made on self, and which is exemplified by contrasting what a man who is fond of books will spend on books with what he will spend on play-going. The real reason why he will spend so much more on witnessing bad burlesques than on providing himself with good literature, is not that the former in themselves give him greater pleasure than the latter, but that witnessing the former at a theatre

is a part of his actual life, whilst studying books in his library is not life, but a mode of reflecting on it. It is not the play that pleases him, but the movement, the society, the excitement, which happen to be incidental to his seeing it. In other words, for a large number of men and women, who are not devoid of taste and who are capable of serious thought, the first necessity of life is not to think but to live. The pleasure of looking at a play is one of the secondary pleasures; the pleasure of going to it is one of the primary pleasures; just as the pleasure of looking at a Raphael is for many men a negligible quantity, but that of being known to possess one is a pleasure of the keenest kind. The latter kind of pleasure is primary; the former is secondary or derivative. And with the majority of men and women the same thing holds good. The pleasures on which they spend most money are not those which they think the highest; but they certainly are the pleasures which they practically feel to be most necessary. It is impossible for us here to pursue this subject further. We must content ourselves with observing that the career of the economic man—of man regarded as a creature who desires to get the most for his money, is calculated to throw on the intricacies of the human character, not less light but more, than the orthodox economist has imagined.

The Saturday Review.

THE INQUEST.

Not labor kills us; no, nor joy;
 The incredulity and frown,
 The interference and annoy,
 The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the cerements round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays:
The night less mountainously lies
Upon our lids than foolish day's
Importunate futilities!

F. B. Money-Coutts.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?

Trials of criminal animals, with counsel and witnesses, have been duly reported by mediæval scribes and handed down for our edification. There is also the leading case of the Jackdaw of Rheims. But we doubt whether the celebrated curse which vindicated the authority of the spiritual arm is not surpassed in matter, if not in potency, by the solemn arraignment of the sparrow, with Mr. Tegetmeier and Miss Ormerod as counsel for the prosecution.¹ As the result of much careful inquiry and a vast collection of evidence, the sparrow is presented at the Bar of Public Opinion; and the brief for the prosecution will be read, even by the secret sympathizers with the sparrow, with misgiving and dismay. Almost no witnesses for the defence are called, and those cited appear to have been too inaccurate in their evidence to command much respect. They have credited the birds with eating

grubs which lie too deep in the soil for them to reach, and with killing cockchafers, which only come out after sparrows have gone to bed. Needless to say, these items of the defence have been ruthlessly torn to pieces, and the accused are left almost without a shred of character or reputation.

We own to a weakness for sparrows. They may be common, but they are companionable. They are vulgar, careless little things which cannot even lay two eggs alike. But they are the only birds which have learnt to use a fish-basket as a boat to float up the river in on the tide. They are flouted because they cannot sing. It is to their credit. If they did sing, like black-birds and thrushes, we should never sleep after 5 A. M. In towns, at least, public opinion extends to them a kindly tolerance. They have been regarded with kindness even in the centres of the Law since the days when the Benchers of the Temple unanimously disallowed their Treasurer's item of a sovereign for "stuff to poison the sparrows." In the country we fear they

¹ The House Sparrow (the Avian Rat). By M. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. With an Appendix by Miss E. A. Ormerod, F.E.S. London: Vinton and Co. (1s.)

must be taken seriously. The modern and creditable desire of the public is to preserve *all* birds, as if in a state of Nature. It is found in practice that this is not an entire success, because the different species when all alike are preserved do not increase in proportion to their numbers. But how and what to select and which to repress is not easily determined. Until recently the sparrow was regarded as a member of the great army of "bird police" employed, as no other agents in the world could be employed, in keeping down noxious insects.

The serious part of the charge now brought against him, not for the first time, but in a convincing form, is that he eats such a quantity of corn as to cause serious loss, while he eats very few insects. A second accusation is that he drives away "better birds," about whose insect-destroying qualities there is no doubt whatever. We are not certain whether the balance can be struck between the good and the harm done by the sparrow in agricultural districts. But we are certainly not convinced that he does no good from the reports presented. It appears that his evil deeds are presented very conspicuously, while not enough is made of his good deeds. The latter are also "accidental," and, we frankly admit, are not at all the result of a meritorious character. In the picture—we ought rather to call it a silhouette, it is so uniformly black—drawn by Mr. Tegetmeier we are presented with the whole of his misspent life, when adult. Corn, corn, corn,—this is the mainstay of his meals, and forms the contents of his poor little stomach for nearly every month of the year. In certain months, among his "occasional food" we find small beetles (June, July, and August); aphides, daddy-long-legs, and caterpillars (August); caterpillars (September), and small caterpillars (November). Still, seventy-five per cent. of the adult

sparrow's food is corn of some kind. They also eat the seeds of a few weeds, usually those found on the stubbles in autumn, birdweed, knot-grass, and plantain seeds. For these misdeeds he is stigmatized as an "avian rat," and as the mischief done in certain districts among the cornfields and the quantity stolen in the stackyards is great and easily visible, the figures given above are calculated to encourage "sparrow clubs" without further appeal.

But we should like to see the other side of the case put, even from the sparrows' point of view. Though the old sparrows live mainly on corn, the food of the young ones is largely composed of insects. The adult bird can hardly help being a wheat-eater. His stomach, as Willoughby says, "is muscular," and he wants something hard and flinty to fill it. But youthful sparrows' insides are less muscular, and their thoughtful parents cater for them accordingly. Sixty per cent. of the young sparrows' food is insects, of which caterpillars form fifty per cent. and beetles ten per cent. Then should follow an interesting population table. Two broods a year (a very small allowance) will give at least eight young sparrows to two old ones, and the latter often contrive to feed both the fledged brood, which is out of the nest, and a set of nestlings, at the same time. In any case, during the months of June, July, and parts of May and August, there are four times as many young sparrows fed on insects, as there are adult sparrows feeding on grain. In other words, for about three months in the year three-quarters of the sparrows are eating caterpillars and beetles. At other times they are provokingly indifferent even to the appearance of good deeds. In 1891, for instance, there was a plague of black diamond moth caterpillars. Rooks, plovers, seagulls, starlings, linnets, greenfinches, and yellow-hammers all

turned to police duty and ate the grubs. Only the sparrows held aloof, and among returns from all counties, from Dover to Aberdeen, only three spoke in praise of the sparrow. On the other hand, it was mentioned that "the sparrows were occupied with the early oats, and had no time to spare for caterpillars." "No time to spare for caterpillars"—there is a sad probability in this. We can see them making the most of the oats, and leaving the tiresome caterpillar business to the other birds. It cannot be denied that they have got a bad name abroad. In the New England States they are known by the name of the "English" sparrow, just as we call our gray rats "Hanoverian," and Government Reports denounce them as pests. In Australia they are equally unpopular, and in Illinois and Michigan \$23,000 have been spent in destroying them, and three million sparrows have been killed, which, though it does not much diminish their numbers, provides a comfortable income for sparrow-catchers. Mr. Tegetmeyer thinks that the birds will hold their own against ordinary warfare, and makes the subtle suggestion that sparrows are really a delicacy, and ought to be sought after. What he evidently would like would be a kind of match against time, to see whether we can eat sparrows faster than they can eat corn. It is a sporting notion, and might be popular. In America people are said to like them. They are sold as "rice birds," and eaten when another delicacy, reed birds, is out of season.

As to the second count in the prosecution, that sparrows drive away "better birds," there is not a doubt of it. They do this in various ways. Swallows and martins are ousted because the sparrows take their nests. The consequence is that plagues of gnats and flies, none of which are pursued on the wing by the sparrows, increase and multiply. Colonel Russell, residing

in Essex, killed off most of the sparrows round his country house and garden, and encouraged all other birds. The result was that "most things seemed to do better there than elsewhere, and many things much better. The young peas needed no protection from birds, green peas were not picked out of the pods, and the gooseberry buds were not picked out. Still, most people have as many gooseberries and peas as they want, even with sparrows in their gardens. But apart from direct mischief, they are thoroughly bad neighbors to other birds. They will bite and bully anything as large as a rook or a pigeon. We have often seen a single sparrow fly after a starling, pigeon, or rook (in London), and worry it till it left the place. The secret lies in their power of being "disagreeable," a thing almost unknown among other birds, which are very accommodating and sociable. But they also combine. Mr. W. E. Hansell, writing from the Cathedral Close at Norwich, gives a curious instance of this. Two sparrows had a nest in a hole in a tree thirty feet from his office window. A starling flew down and looked in. The two sparrows gave a kind of screaming cry, and in a quarter of a minute at least fifty sparrows appeared on the scene. "Some took up their positions by the nesting pair; others perched on twigs close by; all appeared furious with the starling. Whether it was the husband or not, I am unable to say—the crowd was too great for me to see—but at any rate one of the cock birds flew off the headquarters twig, and making straight for the starling's head, pecked it severely and drove it away. This done, most of the hen sparrows flew off. For my part, I ran downstairs, and with the help of a clerk counted thirty sparrows still remaining, who gradually dispersed." But there is no question of their ability to take care of themselves and to sup-

plant other species. We can also quite believe that where population is small and agriculture conducted on a large scale by machinery, they might cause very serious loss. Farms near towns,

especially near London, probably suffer severely; and it is there that the strongest means are now taken to kill them down.

The Spectator.

A STAR FANCY FOR A CHILD.

When summer nights are warm and dry,
The Scorpion with his flaming eye,
Down in the South as twilight grows,
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks;
Though all the trees are thick and green,
With his red eye he looks between.

But when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastwards behind the naked trees
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,
Purple and pink and white and blue;
So night by night Orion goes
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the South at Christmastide:
Though all the fields are white with snow
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head towards the west,
When April nights are sharp and clear,
He sees those garden-stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight,
He sees the borders strown with light,
And looking back across the hills
Beholds the shining daffodils.

G. Forrester Scott ("John Halsham").

The Spectator.



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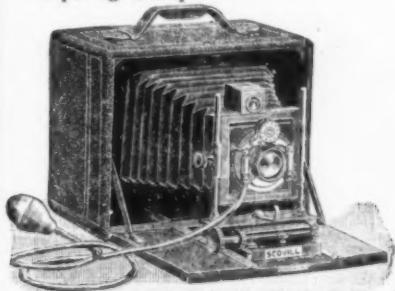
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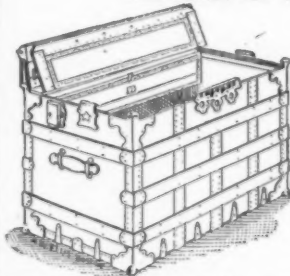
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